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TALES OF WONDER;

WRITTEN AND COLLECTED

BY

M. G. LEWIS, ESQ. M. P.

AUTHOR OF THE MONK, CASTLE SPECTRE, LOVE OF GAIN, ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may! MACBETH.

DUBLIN:

Printed by William Porter,

FOR P. WOGAN, G. BURNET, W. PORTER, J. MOORE, W. JONES, B. DUGDALE, J. RICE, B. DORNIN, G. FOLINGSBY, T. JACKSON, N. KELLY, J. STOCKDALE, AND J. PARRY.

1801.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

No.		page.
XXXIII.	Tam O'Shanter,	1
XXXIV.	The Witches' Song,	13
XXXV.	Admiral Hoſier's Ghoſt,	17
XXXVI.	Margaret's Ghoſt,	22
XXXVII.	The Hermit,	26
XXXVIII.	Edwin of the Green,	36
XXXIX.	Theodore and Honoria,	45
XL.	Dreams,	61
XLI.	Hiſtory of Porſenna, King of Ruſſia,	67
XLII.	The Fatal Siſters,	100
XLIII.	The Deſcent of Odin,	105
XLIV.	The Witch of Wokey,	111
XLV.	The Marriage of Sir Gawaine,	115
XLVI.	King Arthur's Death,	130
XLVII.	Fair Margaret, and Sweet William,	139
XLVIII.	Sweet William's Ghoſt,	143
XLIX.	The Boy and the Mantle,	147
L.	St. Patrick's Purgatory,	156
LI.	The Cinder King,	164
LII.	The Bleeding Nun,	167
LIII.	The Maid of the Moor, or the Water Fiends,	173
LIV.	The Laidley Worm of Spindleſtone Heughs,	180
LV.	Mary's Dream,	188
LVI.	Clerk Colvin,	190
LVII.	Willy's Lady,	194
LVIII.	Courteous King Jamie,	198
LIX.	Tam Lin,	203
LX.	Lenora,	212

No. XXXIII.

TAM O'SHANTER.

ROBERT BURNS.

WHEN chapman billies [1] leave the ſtreet,
And drouthy [2] neebors,[3] neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' [4] folk begin to tak the gate ; [5]
While we ſit bouſing [6] at the nappy,
An' getting fou [7] and unco [8] happy,
We think na [9] on the lang [10] Scots miles,
The moſſes, waters, ſlaps,[11] and ſtyles,
That lie between us and our hame,[12]
Whare [13] ſits our ſulky ſullen dame,

[1] *Billies*, brothers.
[2] *Drouthy*, thirſty.
[3] *Neebors*, neighbours.
[4] *An'*, and.
[5] *Tak the gate*, return home.
[6] *Bouſing*, drinking.
[7] *Fou*, drunk.
[8] *Unco*, very.
[9] *Na*, not.
[10] *Lang*, long.
[11] *Slaps*, gates, or breaches in fences.
[12] *Hame*, home.
[13] *Whare*, where.

Gathering her brows like gathering ſtorm,
Nurſing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand [1] honeſt Tam O'Shanter,
As he frae [2] Ayr ae [3] night did canter,
(Auld [4] Ayr wham [5] ne'er a town ſurpaſſes,
For honeſt men and bonny [6] laſſes.)

O Tam! had'ſt thou but been ſae [7] wiſe,
As ta'en thy ain [8] wife Kate's advice!
She tauld [9] thee weel [10] thou was a ſkellum,[11]
A blethering,[12] bluſtering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae [13] ſober;
That ilka [14] melder, wi' [15] the miller,
Thou ſat as lang as thou had ſiller; [16]
That every naig [17] was ca'd [18] a ſhoe on,
The ſmith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the L——d's houſe, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.

[1] *Fand*, found.
[2] *Frae*, from.
[3] *Ae*, one.
[4] *Auld*, old.
[5] *Wham*, whom.
[6] *Bonny*, or *bonnie*, handſome.
[7] *Sae*, ſo.
[8] *Ain*, own.
[9] *Tauld*, told.
[10] *Weel*, well.
[11] *Skellum*, a rogue.
[12] *Blethering*, talking idly.
[13] *Nae*, never.
[14] *Ilka*, each.
[15] *Wi*, with.
[16] *Siller*, money.
[17] *Naig*, a horſe.
[18] *C'ad*, nailed.

She

She prophesy'd that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks [1] in the mirk,[2]
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.[3]

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,[4]
To think how mony [5] counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle,[6] bleezing [7] finely,
Wi' reaming swats,[8] that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter [9] Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;[10]
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;[11]
They had been fou for weeks thegither.[12]
The night drave [13] on wi' sangs and clatter;[14]
And ay the ale was growing better:

[1] *Warlock*, a wizard.
[2] *Mirk*, dark.
[3] *Kirk*, church.
[4] *Gars me greet*, makes me weep.
[5] *Mony*, many.
[6] *Ingle*, fire.
[7] *Bleezing*, burning.
[8] *Reaming swats*, a sort of liquor.
[9] *Souter*, a shoemaker.
[10] *Crony*, or *cronie*, an old acquaintance.
[11] *Vera brither*, very brother.
[12] *Thegither*, together.
[13] *Drave*, passed.
[14] *Sangs and clatter*, songs and discourse.

The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours, ſecret, ſweet, and precious:
The ſouter tauld his queereſt ſtories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The ſtorm without might rair [1] and ruſtle,
Tam did na mind the ſtorm a whiſtle.

Care, mad to ſee a man ſae happy,
E'en drown'd himſelf amang [2] the nappy,
As bees flee hame wi' lades [3] o' [4] treaſure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleaſure:
Kings may be bleſs'd, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' [5] the hills o' life victorious!

But pleaſures are like poppies ſpread,
You ſeize the flower, its bloom is ſhed;
Or like the ſnow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evaniſhing amid the ſtorm.—
Nae man can tether [6] time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun [7] ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-ſtane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beaſt in;

[1] *Rair*, roar. [2] *Amang*, among. [3] *Lades*, loads.
[4] *O'*, of. [5] *A'*, all. [6] *Tether*, tie. [7] *Maun*, muſt.

And

And ſic [1] a night he tacks [2] the road in,
As ne'er poor ſinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn [3] its laſt;
The rattling ſhowers roſe on the blaſt;
The ſpeedy gleams the darkneſs ſwallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might underſtand,
The deil [4] had buſineſs on his hand.

Weel [5] mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam ſkelpit [6] on through dub and mire,[7]
Deſpiſing wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles [8] holding faſt his gude [9] blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning [10] o'er ſome auld Scots ſonnet;
Whiles glow'ring [11] round wi' prudent cares,
Leſt bogles [12] catch him unawares:
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaiſts [13] and houlets [14] nightly cry.—

By this time he was croſs the ford,
Whare in the ſnaw [15] the chapman ſmoor'd; [16]

[1] *Sic*, ſuch.
[2] *Tacks*, takes.
[3] *As 'twad blawn*, as if it would have blown.
[4] *Deil*, the devil.
[5] *Weel*, well.
[6] *Skelpit*, galloped.
[7] *Dub*, a pool.
[8] *Whiles*, ſometimes.
[9] *Gude*, good.
[10] *Crooning*, humming.
[11] *Glow'ring*, ſtaring.
[12] *Bogles*, bad ſpirits.
[13] *Ghaiſts*, ghoſts.
[14] *Houlets*, owls.
[15] *Snaw*, ſnow.
[16] *Smoor'd*, ſmother'd.

And

And paſt the birks [1] and meikle ſtane,[2]
Whare drunken Charlie brak's [3] neck-bane; [4]
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,[5]
Whare hunters fand [6] the murder'd bairn; [7]
And near the thorn, aboon [8] the well,
Whare Mungo's mither [9] hang'd herſel.—
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling ſtorm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flaſh from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll:
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway ſeem'd in a bleeze; [10]
Thro' ilka bore [11] the beams were glancing;
And loud reſounded mirth and dancing.—

Inſpiring bold John Barleycorn! [12]
What dangers thou canſt make us ſcorn!
Wi' tippeny,[13] we fear nae evil;
Wi' uſquabae we'll face the devil!—
The ſwats [14] ſae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,[15]
Fair play, he car'd na [16] deils a boddle [17]

[1] *Birks*, birch trees.
[2] *Meikle ſtane*, a large ſtone.
[3] *Brak's*, broke his.
[4] *Neck-bane*, neck bone.
[5] *Cairn*, a heap of ſtones.
[6] *Fand*, found.
[7] *Bairn*, a child.
[8] *Aboon*, above.
[9] *Mither*, mother.
[10] *Bleeze*, blaze.
[11] *Bore*, crevice.
[12] and [13] *John Barleycorn*, and *Tippeny*, terms for malt liquor.
[14] *Swats*, fumes.
[15] *Noddle*, head.
[16] *Car'd na*, minded not.
[17] *Boddle*, a farthing.

But

But Maggie ſtood right ſair [1] aſtoniſh'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admoniſh'd,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, vow! Tam ſaw an unco [2] ſight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent [3] new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, ſtrathſpeys, and reels,
Put life and meettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker [4] in the eaſt,
There ſat auld Nick, in ſhape o' beaſt;
A towzie-tyke,[5] black, grim, and large,
To gie [6] them muſic was his charge:
He ſcrew'd the pipes and gart [7] them ſkirl,[8]
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.[9]
Coffins ſtood round, like open preſſes,[10]
That ſhaw'd [11] the dead in their laſt dreſſes;
And by ſome deviliſh cantrip [12] ſlight,
Each in its cauld [13] hand held a light.—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly [14] table,
A murderer's banes [15] in gibbet airns; [16]
Twa ſpan-lang,[17] wee,[18] unchriſten'd bairns;

[1] *Sair*, ſore. [2] *Unco*, ſtrange.
[3] *Brent*, brought. [4] *Winnock-bunker*, a window.
[5] *Towzie-tyke*, a ſhaggy dog. [6] *To gie*, give. [7] *Gart*, made.
[8] *Skirl*, to cry out. [9] *Dirl*, rattle, ſhake.
[10] *Preſſes*, cloſets for linen, a ſort of cupboards. [11] *Shaw'd*, ſhewed.
[12] *Cantrip*, a charm or ſpell. [13] *Cauld*, cold.
[14] *Haly table*, holy table. [15] *Banes*, bones. [16] *Airns*, irons.
[17] *Twa ſpan-lang*, two ſpans in length. [18] *Wee*, little.

A thief,

A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,[1]
Wi' his laſt gaſp his gab [2] did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi blude [3] red-ruſted,
Five ſcymitars, wi' murder cruſted;
A garter, which a babe had ſtrangled,
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain [4] ſon o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet ſtack [5] to the heft; [6]
Wi' mair [7] o' horrible and awefu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew faſt and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they ſet, they croſs'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin [8] ſwat [9] and reekit,[10]
And cooſt her duddies [11] to the wark,[12]
And linket [13] at it in her ſark! [14]

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae [15] been queans,[16]
A' plump and ſtrapping in their teens,

[1] *New cutted frae a rape*, new cut from a rope. [2] *Gab*, mouth.
[3] *Blude*, blood. [4] *Ain*, own. [5] *Stack*, ſtuck.
[6] *Heft*, haft. [7] *Mair*, more.
[8] *Carlin*, a ſtout old woman. [9] *Swat*, ſweated. [10] *Reekit*, ſmoked.
[11] *Cooſt her duddies*, caſt off her clothes. [12] *Wark*, work.
[13] *Linkit*, danced. [14] *Sark*, a ſhift. [15] *Thae*, theſe.
[16] *Queans*, laſſes.

Their

Their ſarks, inſtead o' creeſhie flannen,[1]
Been ſnaw-white [2] ſeventeen hunder linnen!
Thir breeks [3] o' mine, my only pair,
That ance [4] were pluſh, o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink [5] o' the bonnie burdies! [6]

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad ſpean [7] a foal,
Lowping [8] an' flinging on a crummock,[9]
I wonder didna [10] turn thy ſtomach.

But Tam kend [11] what was what fu' brawlie,[12]
There was ae winſome [13] wench and wawlie,[14]
That night enliſted in the core,[15]
(Lang after kend on Carrick ſhore;
For mony a beaſt to dead [16] ſhe ſhot,
And periſh'd mony a bonnie boat,
And ſhook baith [17] meikle corn and bear,[18]
And kept the country-ſide in fear),

[1] *Chreeſhie flannen*, greaſy flannel.
[2] *Snaw-white*, ſnow-white.
[3] *Thir breeks*, theſe breeches.
[4] *Ance*, once.
[5] *Ae blink*, one look.
[6] *Bonnie Burdies*, pretty creatures.
[7] *Wad ſpean*, would wean.
[8] *Lowping*, jumping.
[9] *Crummock*, a crutch.
[10] *Didna*, did not,
[11] *Kend*, knew,
[12] *Brawlie*, very well.
[13] *Winſome*, buxom.
[14] *Wawlie*, comely.
[15] *Core*, corps.
[16] *Dead*, death.
[17] *Baith*, both.
[18] *Bear*, barley.

Her

Her cutty ſark,[1] o' Paiſley harn,[2]
That while a laſſie [3] ſhe had worn,
In longitude tho' ſorely ſcanty,
It was her beſt, and ſhe was vauntie.[4]—
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,[5]
That ſark ſhe coft [6] for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots,[7] ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grace a dance of witches!

But here my Muſe her wing maun cour;[8]
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To ſing how Nannie lap and flang,[9]
(A ſouple [10] jade ſhe was and ſtrang [11])
And how Tam ſtood, like ane [12] bewitch'd,
And thought his very een [13] enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,[14]
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till firſt ae caper, ſyne anither,[15]
Tam tint [16] his reaſon a' thegither,[17]
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-ſark!"
And in an inſtant all was dark:

[1] *Cutty-ſark*, ſhort ſhift.
[2] *Harn*, a ſort of cloth.
[3] *Laſſie*, a little girl.
[4] *Vauntie*, proud.
[5] *Grannie*, grandmother.
[6] *Coft*, ſpun.
[7] *Twa pund Scots*, two pound Scottiſh.
[8] *Maun cour*, muſt lower.
[9] *Lap and flang*, jumped and flung.
[10] *Souple*, ſupple.
[11] *Strang*, ſtrong.
[12] *Ane*, one.
[13] *Een*, eyes.
[14] *Fidg'd fu' fain*, became very reſtleſs.
[15] *Syne anither*, then another.
[16] *Tint*, loſt.
[17] *A' thegither*, entirely.

And

And ſcarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the helliſh legion ſallied.

As bees bizz [1] out wi' angry ſyke,[2]
When plundering herds [3] aſſail their byke ; [4]
As open puſſie's [5] mortal foes,
When pop ! ſhe ſtarts before their noſe ;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" reſounds aloud ;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch [6] ſkreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin ![7]
In hell they'll roaſt thee like a herrin !
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin ! [8]
Kate ſoon will be a woefu' woman !
Now, do thy ſpeedy utmoſt, Meg,
And win the key-ſtane * of the brig ; [9]
There at them thou thy tail may toſs,
A running ſtream they dare na croſs.

[1] *Bizz*, buzz. [2] *Fyke*, mood. [3] *Herds*, ſhepherds.
[4] *Byke*, a bee-hive. [5] *Puſſie's* a hare.
[6] *Eldritch ſkreech*, frightful ſcream. [7] *Fairin*, a fairing, a preſent.
[8] *Comin*, coming. [9] *Brig*, bridge.

* It is a well known fact, that witches, or any evil ſpirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running ſtream. It may be proper likewiſe to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

But

But ere the key-ſtane ſhe could make,
The fient a tail [1] ſhe had to ſhake!
For Nannie, far before the reſt,
Hard upon noble Maggie preſt,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle; [2]
But little wiſt ſhe Maggie's mettle——
Ae ſpring [3] brought off her maſter hale, [4]
But left behind her ain [5] gray tail:
The carlin claught [6] her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie ſcarce a ſtump.

Now, wha [7] this tale o' truth ſhall read,
Ilk [8] man and mother's ſon, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-ſarks gun in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear, [9]
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

[1] *The fient a tail*, fient is a petty oath, as, "the devil a tail."
[2] *Ettle*, zeal.
[3] *Ae ſpring*, one jump.
[4] *Hale*, whole.
[5] *Ain*, own.
[6] *Claught*, ſeized hold on.
[7] *Wha*, who.
[8] *Ilk*, each.
[9] *O'er dear*, too dear.

No. XXXIV.

THE WITCHES' SONG.

BEN JONSON.

"*From the* Maſque of Queens, *preſented at Whitehall, Feb. 2d, 1609.*"

1 WITCH.

I HAVE been all day looking after
A raven feeding upon a quarter;
And, ſoone as ſhe turn'd her beak to the ſouth,
I ſnatch'd this morſell out of her mouth.

2 WITCH.

I have beene gathering wolves haires,
The madd dogges foames, and adders eares;
The ſpurging of a deadman's eyes:
And all ſince the evening ſtarre did riſe.

3 WITCH.

3 WITCH.

I laſt night lay all alone
On the ground, to heare the mandrake grone;
And pluck'd him up, though he grew full low:
And, as I had done, the cocke did crow.

4 WITCH.

And I ha' beene chuſing out this ſcull
From charnell houſes that were full;
From private grots, and publike pits;
And frighted a ſexton out of his wits.

5 WITCH.

Under a cradle I did crepe
By day; and, when the childe was a-ſleepe
At night, I ſuck'd the breath; and roſe,
And pluck'd the nodding nurſe by the noſe.

6 WITCH.

I had a dagger: what did I with that?
Killed an infant to have his fat.
A piper it got at a church-ale,
I bade him again blow the wind i' the taile.

7 WITCH.

A murderer, yonder, was hung in chaines;
The ſunne and the wind had ſhrunke his veines:

I bit

I bit off a ſinew; I clipp'd his haire;
I brought off his ragges, that danced i' the ayre.

8 WITCH.

The ſcrich-owles egges and the feathers blacke,
The bloud of the frogge, and the bone in his backe
I have been getting; and made of his ſkin
A purſet, to keep Sir Cranion in.

9 WITCH.

And I ha' beene plucking (plants among)
Hemlock, henbane, adders-tongue,
Night-ſhade, moone-wort, libbards-bane;
And twiſe by the dogges was like to be tane.

10 WITCH.

I from the jawes of a gardener's bitch
Did ſnatch theſe bones, and then leap'd the ditch:
Yet went I back to the houſe againe,
Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine.

11 WITCH.

I went to the toad, breedes under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
I ſcratch'd out the eyes of the owle before;
I tore the batt's wing: what would you have more?

DAM.

DAME.

Yes: I have brought, to helpe your vowes,
Horned poppie, cypreſſe boughes,
The fig-tree wild, that growes on tombes,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The baſiliſke's bloud, and the viper's ſkin:
And now our orgies let's begin.

No. XXXV.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

GLOVER.

"*This was a Party Song, written by the ingenious author of* Leonidas, *on the taking of Porto-Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov.* 22, 1739.—*The caſe of Hoſier, which is here ſo pathetically repreſented, was briefly this: In April,* 1726, *that commander was ſent with a ſtrong fleet into the Spaniſh Weſt Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country, or ſhould they preſume to come out, to ſeize and carry them into England: he accordingly arrived at the Baſtimentos near Porto-Bello; but being employed rather to overawe than to attack the Spaniards, with whom it was probably not our intereſt to go to war, he continued long inactive on that ſtation, to his own great regret. He afterwards removed to Carthagena, and remained cruiſing in theſe ſeas till far the greater part of his men periſhed deplorably by the diſeaſes of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, ſeeing his beſt officers and men thus daily ſwept away, his ſhips expoſed to inevitable deſtruction, and himſelf made the ſport of the enemy, is ſaid to have died of a broken heart.—Such is the account of Smollet, compared with that of other leſs partial writers.*"

As near Porto-Bello lying,
On the gently ſwelling flood,
At midnight, with ſtreamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;

There, while Vernon ſate all glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat,
And his crews, with ſhout victorious,
Drank ſucceſs to England's fleet,

On a ſudden, ſhrilly ſounding,
Hideous yells and ſhrieks were heard;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A ſad troop of ghoſts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocks ſhrouded,
Which for winding ſheets they wore,
And with looks, by ſorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hoſtile ſhore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan luſtre,
When the ſhade of Hoſier brave
His pale bands was ſeen to muſter,
Riſing from their watery grave.
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford * rear'd her ſail,
With three thouſand ghoſts beſide him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

—"Heed, oh heed our fatal ſtory,
"I am Hoſier's injured ghoſt;
"You, who now have purchaſed glory,
"At this place where I was loſt!
"Though in Porto-Bello's ruin,
"You now triumph, free from fears,

* Admiral Vernon's ſhip.

"When

" When you think on our undoing,
" You will mix your joy with tears.

" See theſe mournful ſpectres ſweeping
" Ghaſtly o'er this hated wave,
" Whoſe wan cheeks are ſtain'd with weeping;
" Theſe were Engliſh captains brave.
" Mark thoſe numbers, pale and horrid,
" Thoſe were once my ſailors bold:
" Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
" While his diſmal tale is told!

" I, by twenty ſail attended,
" Did this Spaniſh town affright;
" Nothing then its wealth defended,
" But my orders not to fight.
" Oh! that in this rolling ocean
" I had caſt them with diſdain,
" And obey'd my heart's warm motion
" To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

" For reſiſtance I could fear none,
" But with twenty ſhips had done
" What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
" Haſt achiev'd with ſix alone.
" Then the Baſtimento's never
" Had our foul diſhonour ſeen,
" Nor the ſea the ſad receiver
" Of this gallant train had been.

" Thus, like thee, proud Spain diſmaying,
" And her galleons leading home,
" Though condemn'd for diſobeying,
" I had met a traitor's doom;
" To have fallen, my country crying
" He has play'd an Engliſh part,
" Had been better far than dying
Of a grieved and broken heart.

" Unrepining at thy glory,
" Thy ſucceſsful arms we hail;
" But remember our ſad ſtory,
" And let Hoſier's wrongs prevail.
" Sent in this foul clime to languiſh,
" Think what thouſands fell in vain,
" Waſted with diſeaſe and anguiſh,
" Not in glorious battle ſlain.

" Hence with all my train attending
" From their oozy tombs below;
" Through the hoary foam aſcending,
" Here I feed my conſtant woe:
" Here, the Baſtimentos viewing,
" We recal our ſhameful doom,
" And, our plaintive cries renewing,
" Wander through the midnight gloom.

" O'er theſe waves for ever mourning
" Shall we roam, deprived of reſt,

" If

" If, to Britain's ſhores returning,
" You neglect my juſt requeſt;
" After this proud foe ſubduing,
" When your patriot friends you ſee,
" Think on vengeance for my ruin,
" And for England ſhamed in me."—

No. XXXVI.

MARGARET'S GHOST.

MALLET.

'Twas at the ſilent ſolemn hour,
When night and morning meet,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her ſable ſhroud.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flower,
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt opening to the view.

But

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Conſumed her early prime:
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek;—
She died before her time.

—"Awake!" ſhe cried, "thy true love calls,
"Come from her midnight grave;
"Now let thy pity hear the maid
"Thy love refuſed to ſave.

"This is the dark and dreary hour,
"When injured ghoſts complain;
"Now yawning graves give up their dead,
"To haunt the faithleſs ſwain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
"Thy pledge, and broken oath;
"And give me back my maiden vow,
"And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promiſe love to me,
"And not that promiſe keep?
"Why did you ſwear mine eyes were bright,
"Yet leave thoſe eyes to weep?

"How could you ſay my face was fair,
"And yet that face forſake?
"How could you win my virgin heart,
"Yet leave that heart to break?

"Why

"Why did you ſay my lip was ſweet,
"And made the ſcarlet pale?
"And why did I, young witleſs maid,
"Believe the flattering tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair;
"Theſe lips no longer red:
"Dark are my eyes, now cloſed in death,
"And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my ſiſter is;
"This winding ſheet I wear:
"And cold and weary laſts our night,
"Till that laſt morn appear.

"But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence!
"A long and laſt adieu!
"Come ſee, falſe man, how low ſhe lies
"Who died for love of you."—

The lark ſung loud, the morning ſmiled
With beams of roſy red;
Pale William ſhook in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place,
Where Margaret's body lay;
And ſtretch'd him on the graſs-green turf,
That wrapt her breathleſs clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full ſore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word ſpake never more.

No. XXXVII.

THE HERMIT.

PARNELL.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the cryſtal well:
Remote from men, with God he paſs'd the days,
Prayer all his buſineſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.

A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd heav'n itſelf, till one ſuggeſtion roſe:
That Vice ſhould triumph, Virtue Vice obey,
This ſprung ſome doubt of Providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenour of his ſoul is loſt;
So, when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſs'd
Calm nature's image on its watery breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſwering colours glow:

But

But if a ſtone the gentle ſea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every ſide,
And glimmering fragments of a broken ſun,
Banks, trees, and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books, or ſwains, report it right,
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew,)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before;
Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A Youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way;
His rayment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching,—"Father, hail!" he cried;
And—"Hail, my Son,"—the reverend ſire replied;
Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceived the road;
Till each with other pleaſed, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.

Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober gray;

Nature

Nature in ſilençe bid the world repoſe;
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe:
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they paſs,
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs.
It chanced, the noble maſter of the dome
Still made his houſe the wandering ſtranger's home:
Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive: the liveried ſervants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.
Then led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn; and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the Zephyrs play;
Freſh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighbouring wood, to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind maſter forced the gueſts to taſte.
Then pleaſed, and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe of woe;
His cup was vaniſh'd; for, in ſecret guiſe,
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſtning and baſking in the ſummer ray,

Diſorder'd

Diſorder'd ſtops, to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear;
So ſeem'd the ſire; when, far upon the road,
The ſhining ſpoil his wily partner ſhow'd.
He ſtopp'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk, to part:
Murmuring, he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a baſe reward.

While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert, ſcud acroſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns, the wandering pair retreat,
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighbouring ſeat:
'Twas built with turrets, on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimproved around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, cauſed a deſert there.

As near the Miſer's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew;
The nimble light'ning, mix'd with ſhow'rs, began,
And o'er their heads, loud-rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt,
('Twas then his threſhold firſt received a gueſt,)
Slow creeking turns the door, with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the ſhivering pair;

One

One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour, through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarſeſt ſort, with meagre wine,
Each hardly granted, ſerved them both to dine;
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With ſtill remark, the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
In one ſo rich, a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch, within himſelf he cried,
Lock the loſt wealth, a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place,
In every ſettling feature of his face,
When from his veſt, the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profuſely with the precious bowl,
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The ſun emerging opes an azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day;
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's boſom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts, without their cauſe, appear,
'Twas there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.

Now

Now night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh.
The ſoil improved around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praiſe, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn, with weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet:
Their greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From Him you come, for Him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly, cheer.
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave houſehold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repoſe,
Was ſtrong for toil; the dappled morn aroſe;
Before the Pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the cloſed cradle where an infant ſlept,
And writhed his neck; the landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and died.
Horrour of horrours! what, his only ſon!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done!

Not

Not hell, though hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more aſſault his heart.

Confuſed, and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the Youth purſues: the country lay
Perplex'd with roads; a ſervant ſhew'd the way:
A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge ſupplied,
And deep the waves, beneath the bending, glide.
The Youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the dead.

Wild ſparkling rage inflames the Father's eyes,
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries:
—"Deteſted wretch!"—But ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes diſplay.
The form ethereal burſts upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.

Though

Though loud at firſt the Pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wiſt not what to do;
Surpriſe in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous angel broke,
The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke:

—"Thy prayer, thy praiſe, thy life, to vice unknown,
"In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:
"Theſe charms, ſucceſs in our bright region find,
"And force an Angel down, to calm thy mind;
"For this, commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky,
"Nay, ceaſe to kneel—thy fellow-ſervant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,
"And let theſe ſcruples be no longer thine:

"The Maker juſtly claims that world he made,
"In this the right of Providence is laid;
"Its ſacred majeſty through all depends,
"On uſing ſecond means to work his ends:
"'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
"The Power exerts his attributes on high;
"Your actions uſes, nor controls your will,
"And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.

"What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurpriſe,
"Than thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wandering eyes?
"Yet, taught by theſe, confeſs the Almighty juſt,
"And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt.

" The great, vain man, who fared on coſtly food,
" Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
" Who made his ivory ſtands with goblets ſhine,
" And forced his gueſts to morning draughts of wine,
" Has, with the cup, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
" And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt,

" The mean, ſuſpicious wretch, whoſe bolted door
" Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor;
" With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
" That Heaven can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
" Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
" And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
" Thus artiſts melt the ſullen ore of lead,
" With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
" In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
" And, looſe from droſs, the ſilver runs below.

" Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
" But now the child half wean'd his heart from God;
" Child of his age, for him he lived in pain,
" And meaſured back his ſteps to earth again.
" To what exceſſes had his dotage run!
" But God, to ſave the father, took the ſon.
" To all but thee, in fits he ſeem'd to go,
" And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow:
" The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
" Now owns, in tears, the puniſhment was juſt.

" But

" But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
" Had that falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back;
" This night his treaſured heaps he meant to ſteal,
" And what a fund of charity would fail!

" Thus Heaven inſtructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
" Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more."—

On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The Sage ſtood wondering as the Seraph flew.
Thus look'd Eliſha, when, to mount on high,
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky;
The fiery pomp aſcending left the view;
The Prophet gazed, and wiſh'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,
—" *Lord! as in Heaven, on earth thy will be done.*"—
Then, gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

No. XXXVIII.

EDWIN OF THE GREEN.

PARNELL.

In Britain's iſle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight faeries daunced the maze,
Lived Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe, and truth,
Though badly ſhaped he'd been.

His mountain back mote well be ſaid
To meaſure heighth againſt his head,
And lift itſelf above:
Yet ſpite of all that nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dared to love.

He

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
  Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dreſs'd with art,
And, if a ſhape could win a heart,
  He had a ſhape to win.

Edwin (if right I read my ſong,)
With ſlighted paſſion paced along
  All in the moony light:
'Twas near an old enchaunted court,
Where ſportive faeries made reſort,
  To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was croſs'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was loſt
  That reach'd the neighbour-town;
With weary ſteps he quits the ſhades,
Reſolved, the darkling dome he treads,
  And drops his limbs adown.

But ſcant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
  And trembling rocks the ground:
And (well I ween, to count aright,)
At once an hundred tapers light
  On all the walls around.

Now ſounding tongues aſſail his ear,
Now ſounding feet approachen near,

And now the ſounds increaſe;
And, from the corner where he lay,
He ſees a train profuſely gay
Come prankling o'er the place.

But (truſt me, Gentles!) never yet
Was dight a maſking half ſo neat,
Or half ſo rich before;
The country lent the ſweet perfumes,
The ſea the pearl, the ſky the plumes,
The town its ſilken ſtore.

Now, whilſt he gazed, a gallant dreſs'd
In flaunting robes above the reſt,
With awful accent cried:
—"What mortal of a wretched mind,
"Whoſe ſighs infect the balmy wind,
"Has here preſumed to hide?"—

At this the ſwain, whoſe vent'rous ſoul
No fears of magic art control,
Advanced in open ſight:
—"Nor have I cauſe of dread," he ſaid,
"Who view (by no preſumption led,)
"Your revels of the night.

"'Twas grief, for ſcorn of faithful love,
"Which made my ſteps unweeting rove

"Amid

" Amid the nightly dew."—
—" Tis well," the gallant cries again,
" We faeries never injure men
" Who dare to tell us true.

" Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
" Be mine the taſk, or ere we part,
" To make thee grief reſign;
" Now take the pleaſure of thy chaunce;
" Whilſt I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
" Be Little Mable thine "—

" He ſpoke, and all a ſudden there
Light muſic floats in wanton air;
The Monarch leads the Queen:
The reſt their faerie partners found,
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing paſt, the board was laid,
And ſiker ſuch a feaſt was made
As heart and lip deſire;
Withouten hands the diſhes fly,
The glaſſes with a wiſh come nigh,
And with a wiſh retire.

But now to pleaſe the Faerie King,
Full every deal they laugh and ſing,

And antick feats deviſe;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other ſome tranſmute their ſhape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at laſt, that Robin hight,
(Renown'd for pinching maids by night,)
Has bent him up aloof;
And full againſt the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung,
To ſpraul unneath the roof.

From thence,—"Reverſe my charm," he cries,
"And let it fairly now ſuffice,
"The gambol has been ſhown."—
But Oberon anſwers with a ſmile,
—"Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
"The vantage is thine own."—

Here ended all the phantome play:
They ſmelt the freſh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whiſtled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then ſcreaming all at once, they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;

Poor

Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his ſtate, and dark the place,
Was never wight in ſike a caſe,
Through all the land before.

But ſoon as Dan Apollo roſe,
Full jolly creature, home he goes,
He feels his back the leſs;
His honeſt tongue and ſteady mind,
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want ſucceſs.

With luſty livelyhed he talks,
He ſeems a dauncing as he walks;
His ſtory ſoon took wind;
And beauteous Edith ſees the youth,
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The ſtory told, Sir Topaz moved,
(The youth of Edith erſt approved,)
To ſee the revel ſcene.
At cloſe of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it ſo befell,
The wind came ruſtling down a dell,

A ſhaking

A ſhaking ſeized the wall:
Up ſpring the tapers as before,
The faeries bragly foot the floor,
And muſic fills the hall.

But certes ſorely ſunk with woe
Sir Topaz ſees the Elfin ſhow,—
His ſpirits in him die:
When Oberon cries,—"a man is near,
"A mortal paſſion, cleeped fear,
"Hangs flagging in the ſky."—

With that Sir Topaz, (hapleſs youth!)
In accent faultering, ay for ruth,
Intreats them pity graunt;
For als he been a miſter wight,
Betray'd by wandering in the night,
To tread the circled haunt;

—"Ah, Loſell vile!" at once they roar,
"And little ſkill'd of faerie lore,
"Thy cauſe to come, we know:
"Now has thy keſtrell courage fell;
"And Faeries, ſince a lie you tell,
"Are free to work thee woe."—

Then Will, who bears the wiſpy fire
To trail the ſwains among the mire,

The caitive upward flung;
There, like a tortoiſe in a ſhop,
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they friſk it o'er the place,
They ſit, and drink, and eat:
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while,
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the ſtars began to wink,
They ſhriek, they fly, the tapers ſink,
And down ydrops the Knight:
For never ſpell by faerie laid
With ſtrong enchantment bound a glade,
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin roſe the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His ſeely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin loſt afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurſe ared;
She ſoftly ſtroked my youngling head,

And when the tale was done,
—" Thus ſome are born, my ſon," ſhe cries,
" With baſe impediments to riſe,
" And ſome are born with none.

" But virtue can itſelf advance
" To what the favourite fools of chance
" By fortune ſeem'd deſign'd;
" Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
" And from itſelf ſhake off the weight
" Upon th' unworthy mind."

No. XXXIX.

THEODORE AND HONORIA.

DRYDEN.

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and moſt renown'd, Ravenna ſtands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts.
But Theodore the Brave, above the reſt,
With gifts of fortune and of nature bleſs'd,
The foremoſt place for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.

This noble youth to madneſs loved a dame
Of high degree, Honoria was her name;
Fair as the faireſt, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became ſo ſoft a kind.
Proud of her birth (for equal ſhe had none);
The reſt ſhe ſcorn'd, but hated him alone,

His

His gifts, his conſtant courtſhip, nothing gain'd;
For ſhe, the more he loved, the more diſdain'd.
He lived with all the pomp he could deviſe,
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize;
But found no favour in his lady's eyes:
Relentleſs as a rock, the lofty maid
Turn'd all to poiſon that he did, or ſaid;
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could move;
The work went backward; and the more he ſtrove
T' advance his ſuit, the farther from her love.

Wearied at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft reſolved to die.
But pride ſtood ready to prevent the blow,
For who would die, to gratify a foe?
His generous mind diſdain'd ſo mean a fate;
That paſs'd, his next endeavour was to hate.
But vainer that relief than all the reſt,
The leſs he hoped, with more deſire poſſeſs'd;
Love ſtood the ſiege, and would not yield his breaſt.
Change was the next, but change deceived his care;
He ſought a fairer, but found none ſo fair.
He would have worn her out by ſlow degrees,
As men by faſting ſtarve th' untamed diſeaſe:
But preſent love required a preſent eaſe.
Looking, he feeds alone his famiſh'd eyes,
Feeds lingering death, but looking not he dies.
Yet ſtill he choſe the longeſt way to fate,
Waſting at once his life and his eſtate.

His friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain,
For what advice can eaſe a lover's pain!
Abſence, the beſt expedient they could find,
Might ſave the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long propoſed, but little gain'd,
Yet, after much purſuit, at length obtain'd.

Hard you may think it was to give conſent,
But, ſtruggling with his own deſires, he went,
With large expence, and with a pompous train,
Provided as to viſit France and Spain,
Or for ſome diſtant voyage o'er the main.
But love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him ſhort,
Confin'd within the purlieus of the court,
Three miles he went, no farther could retreat;
His travels ended at his country ſeat:
To Chaſſi's pleaſing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there reſolved to ſtay.

The ſpring was in the prime; the neighbouring grove
Supplied with birds, the choriſters of love:
Muſic unbought, that miniſter'd delight
To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by night:
There he diſcharged his friends; but not th' expence
Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence.
He lived as kings retire, though more at large
From public buſineſs, yet with equal charge;
With houſe and heart ſtill open to receive;
As well content as love would give him leave:

He

He would have lived more free; but many a gueſt
Who could forſake the friend, purſued the feaſt.

It hapt one morning, as his fancy led,
Before his uſual hour he left his bed;
To walk within a lonely lawn that ſtood
On every ſide ſurrounded with a wood;
Alone he walk'd, to pleaſe his penſive mind,
And ſought the deepeſt ſolitude to find;
'Twas in a grove of ſpreading pines he ſtray'd;
The winds within the quivering branches play'd,
And dancing trees a mournful muſic made.
The place itſelf was ſuiting to his care,
Uncouth and ſavage as the cruel fair.
He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Loſt in the wood, and all on love intent:
The day already half his race had run,
And ſummon'd him to due repaſt at noon,
But love could feel no hunger but his own.

Whilſt liſtening to the murmuring leaves he ſtood,
More than a mile immerſed within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whiſpering ſound
Was dumb; a riſing earthquake rock'd the ground;
With deeper brown the grove was overſpread;
A ſudden horror ſeized his giddy head,
And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled.
Nature was in alarm; ſome danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, though unſeen to mortal eye.

Unuſed

Unuſed to fear, he ſummon'd all his ſoul,
And ſtood collected in himſelf, and whole;
Not long: for ſoon a whirlwind roſe around,
And from afar he heard a ſcreaming ſound
As of a dame diſtreſs'd, who cried for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the ſecret ſhade.

A thicket cloſe beſide the grove there ſtood,
With briers and brambles choked, and dwarfiſh wood;
From thence the noiſe, which now approaching near,
With more diſtinguiſh'd notes invades his ear;
He raiſed his head, and ſaw a beauteous maid,
With hair diſhevel'd, iſſuing through the ſhade;
Stripp'd of her clothes, and e'en thoſe parts reveal'd,
Which modeſt nature keeps from ſight conceal'd.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs, were torn,
With paſſing through the brakes, and prickly thorn;
Two maſtiffs gaunt and grim her flight purſued,
And oft their faſten'd fangs in blood imbrued:
Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender ſide,
—"Mercy, O mercy, Heaven!"—ſhe ran and cried;
When heaven was named, they looſed their hold again,
Then ſprang ſhe forth, they follow'd her amain.

Not far behind, a Knight of ſwarthy face,
High on a coal-black ſteed purſued the chaſe;
With flaſhing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
And in his hand a naked ſword he held;
He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.

As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action rouſed his manly mind;
Moved with unworthy uſage of the maid,
He, though unarm'd, reſolved to give her aid.
A ſapling pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readieſt weapon that his fury found.
Thus furniſh'd for offence, he croſs'd the way
Betwixt the graceleſs villain and his prey.

The Knight came thundering on, but, from afar,
Thus in imperious tone forbad the war:
—"Ceaſe, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
"Nor ſtop the vengeance of ſo juſt a grief;
"But give me leave to ſeize my deſtined prey,
"And let eternal juſtice take the way:
"I but revenge my fate, diſdain'd, betray'd,
"And ſuffering death for this ungrateful maid."—

He ſaid, at once diſmounting from the ſteed;
For now the hell-hounds with ſuperior ſpeed
Had reach'd the Dame, and, faſtening on her ſide,
The ground with iſſuing ſtreams of purple died;
Stood Theodore ſurpriſed, in deadly fright,
With chattering teeth, and briſtling hair upright;
Yet arm'd with inborn worth,—"Whate'er," ſaid he,
"Thou art, who know'ſt me better than I thee;
"Or prove thy rightful cauſe, or be defied;"—
The Spectre fiercely ſtaring, thus replied:

—"Know,

—" Know, Theodore, thy anceſtry I claim,
" And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
" One common fire our fathers did beget,
" My name and ſtory ſome remember yet:
" Thee, then a boy, within mine arms I laid,
" When, for my ſins, I loved this haughty maid;
" Not leſs adored in life, nor ſerved by me,
" Than proud Honoria now is loved by thee.
" What did I not, her ſtubborn heart to gain?
" But all my vows were anſwer'd with diſdain;
" She ſcorn'd my ſorrows, and deſpiſed my pain.
" Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitleſs care:
" Then, loathing life, and plunged in deep deſpair,
" To finiſh my unhappy life, I fell
" On this ſharp ſword, and now am damn'd in hell.

" Short was her joy; for ſoon th' inſulting maid
" By Heaven's decree in this cold grave was laid.
" And as in unrepented ſin ſhe died,
" Doom'd to the ſame bad place, is puniſh'd for her pride:
" Becauſe ſhe deem'd I well deſerved to die,
" And made a merit of her cruelty.
" There, then, we met; both tried, and both were caſt,
" And this irrevocable ſentence paſs'd:—
" That ſhe, whom I ſo long purſued in vain,
" Should ſuffer from my hands a lingering pain:
" Renew'd to life that ſhe might daily die,
" I daily doom'd to follow, ſhe to fly;
" No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
" I ſeek her life (for love is none below):

" As often as my dogs with better ſpeed
" Arreſt her flight, is ſhe to death decreed:
" Then with this fatal ſword, on which I died,
" I pierce her open back, or tender ſide,
" And tear that harden'd heart from out her breaſt,
" Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds a feaſt.'
" Nor lies ſhe long, but, as her fates ordain,
" Springs up to life, and freſh to ſecond pain,
" Is ſaved to-day, to-morrow to be ſlain."—

This, verſed in death, th' infernal Knight relates,
And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that help'd him to purſue;
Stern look'd the Fiend, as fruſtrate of his will,
Not half ſufficed, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the ſoul expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathleſs on the ground,
When thus the griſly Spectre ſpoke again:
—" Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:
" As many months as I ſuſtain'd her hate,
" So many years is ſhe condemn'd by fate
" To daily death; and every ſeveral place,
" Conſcious of her diſdain, and my diſgrace,
" Muſt witneſs her juſt puniſhment, and be
" A ſcene of triumph and revenge to me!
" As in this grove I took my laſt farewell,
" As on this very ſpot of earth I fell,
" As Friday ſaw me die, ſo ſhe my prey
" Becomes e'en here on this revolving day."—

Thus

Thus while he ſpoke, the Virgin from the ground
Upſtarted freſh, already cloſed the wound,
And, unconcern'd for all ſhe felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the ſhore:
The hell-hounds, as ungorged with fleſh and blood,
Purſue their prey, and ſeek their wonted food:
The Fiend remounts his courſer, mends his pace,
And all the viſion vaniſh'd from the place.

Long ſtood the noble youth, oppreſs'd with awe,
And ſtupid at the wondrous things he ſaw,
Surpaſſing common faith, tranſgreſſing nature's law.
He would have been aſleep, and wiſh'd to wake,
But dreams, he knew, no long impreſſion make,
Though ſtrong at firſt; if viſion, to what end,
But ſuch as muſt his future ſtate portend?
His love the damſel, and himſelf the fiend.
But yet reflecting, that it could not be
From heaven, which cannot impious acts decree,
Reſolved within himſelf to ſhun the ſnare,
Which hell for his deſtruction did prepare;
And, as his better genius ſhould direct,
From an ill cauſe to draw a good effect.

Inſpired from heaven, he homeward took his way,
Nor pall'd his new deſign with long delay:
But of his train a truſty ſervant ſent
To call his friends together at his tent.
They came; and uſual ſalutations paid,
With words premeditated thus he ſaid:

—"What

—" What you have often counſel'd, to remove
" My vain purſuit of unregarded love;
" By thrift my ſinking fortune to repair,
" Though late, yet is at laſt become my care:
" My heart ſhall be my own; my vaſt expence
" Reduced to bounds by timely providence;
" This only I require; invite for me
" Honoria, with her father's family,
" Her friends, and mine; the cauſe I ſhall diſplay,
" On Friday next, for that's th' appointed day."—
Well pleaſed were all his friends, the taſk was light,
The father, mother, daughter, they invite;
Hardly the Dame was drawn to this repaſt;
But yet reſolved, becauſe it was the laſt.
The day was come, the gueſts invited came,
And, with the reſt, th' inexorable Dame;
A feaſt prepared with riotous expence,
Much coſt, more care, and moſt magnificence.
The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove,
Where the revenging ghoſt purſued his love:
The tables in a proud pavilion ſpread,
With flowers below, and tiſſue overhead:
The reſt in rank, Honoria, chief in place,
Was artfully contrived to ſet her face
To front the thicket, and behold the chaſe.
The feaſt was ſerved, the time ſo well forecaſt,
That juſt when the deſert and fruits were placed,
The Fiend's alarm began; the hollow ſound
Sung in the leaves, the foreſt ſhook around,
Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the ground.

Nor

Nor long before the loud laments ariſe,
Of one diſtreſs'd, and maſtiffs' mingled cries;
And firſt the Dame came ruſhing through the wood,
And next the famiſh'd hounds that ſought their food,
And grip'd her flanks, and oft eſſay'd their jaws in blood.
Laſt came the Felon on his ſable ſteed,
Arm'd with his naked ſword, and urged his dogs to ſpeed.
She ran, and cried, her flight directly bent,
(A gueſt unbidden,) to the fatal tent,
The ſcene of death, and place ordain'd for puniſhment.
Loud was the noiſe, aghaſt was every gueſt,
The women ſhriek'd, the men forſook the feaſt;
The hounds at nearer diſtance hoarſely bay'd;
The hunter cloſe purſued the viſionary maid,
She rent the heaven with loud laments, imploring aid.

The gallants, to protect the Lady's right,
Their faulchions brandiſh'd at the griſly Sprite;
High on his ſtirrups he provoked the fight;
Then on the crowd he caſt a furious look,
And wither'd all their ſtrength before he ſpoke:
—"Back on your lives: let be," ſaid he, "my prey,
"And let my vengeance take the deſtined way:
"Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
"Againſt th' eternal doom of Providence:
"Mine is th' ungrateful maid by Heaven deſign'd:
"Mercy ſhe would not give, nor mercy ſhall ſhe find."—
At this the former tale again he told:
With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold:
Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
Nor needed to be warn'd a ſecond time,

But

But bore each other back; ſome knew the face,
And all had heard the much lamented caſe
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.

And now th' infernal miniſter advanced,
Seized the due victim, and with fury launced
Her back, and, piercing through her inmoſt heart,
Drew backward, as before, th' offending part.
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre maſtiffs made a prey.
The pale aſſiſtants on each other ſtared
With gaping mouths, for iſſuing words prepared;
The ſtill-born ſounds upon the palate hung,
And died imperfect on the faltering tongue.
The fright was general; but the female band
(A helpleſs train) in more confuſion ſtand:
With horror ſhuddering, in a heap they run,
Sick at the ſight of hateful juſtice done;
For conſcience rung th' alarm, and made the caſe their own.

So, ſpread upon a lake with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high;
They cloſe their trembling troop; and all attend
On whom the ſouſing eagle will deſcend.

But moſt the proud Honoria fear'd th' event,
And thought to her alone the viſion ſent.
Her guilt preſents to her diſtracted mind
Heaven's juſtice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the ſame fate to the ſame ſin aſſign'd.

Already

Already ſees herſelf the monſter's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
'Twas a mute ſcene of ſorrow, mix'd with fear:
Still on the table lay th' unfiniſh'd cheer:
The Knight and hungry maſtiffs ſtood around,
The mangled Dame lay breathleſs on the ground;
When, on a ſudden, re-inſpired with breath,
Again ſhe roſe, again to ſuffer death;
Nor ſtaid the hell-hounds, nor the hunter ſtaid,
But follow'd, as before, the flying maid:
Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging ſword,
And mounting light as air, his ſable ſteed he ſpurr'd:
The clouds diſpell'd, the ſky reſum'd her light,
And nature ſtood recover'd of her fright.
But fear, the laſt of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy ſat on every mind.
Nor Theodore encouraged more the feaſt,
But ſternly look'd, as hatching in his breaſt
Some deep deſigns, which, when Honoria view'd,
The freſh impulſe her former fright renew'd;
She thought herſelf the trembling dame who fled,
And him the griſly ghoſt that ſpurr'd th' infernal ſteed:
The more diſmay'd, for when the gueſts withdrew,
Their courteous hoſt, ſaluting all the crew,
Regardleſs paſs'd her o'er; nor graced with kind adieu;
That ſting infix'd within her haughty mind,
The downfall of her empire ſhe divin'd;
And her proud heart with ſecret ſorrow pined.
Home as they went the ſad diſcourſe renew'd
Of the relentleſs dame to death purſued,
And of the ſight obſcene ſo lately view'd.

None

None durſt arraign the righteous doom ſhe bore,
E'en they who pitied moſt, yet blamed her more;
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.

At every little noiſe ſhe look'd behind,
For ſtill the knight was preſent to her mind;
And anxious oft ſhe ſtarted on the way,
And thought the horſeman ghoſt came thundering for his prey.
Return'd, ſhe took her bed with little reſt,
But in ſhort ſlumbers dreamt the funeral feaſt;
Awak'd, ſhe turn'd her ſide, and ſlept again;
The ſame black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the ſame dreams return'd with double pain.

Now forc'd to wake, becauſe afraid to ſleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap
She ſprang from bed, diſtracted in her mind,
And fear'd, at every ſtep, a twitching ſprite behind.
Darkling and deſperate, with a ſtaggering pace,
Of death afraid, and conſcious of diſgrace;
Fear, pride, remorſe, at once her heart aſſail'd,
Pride put remorſe to flight, but fear prevail'd.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her ſoul forethought the Fiend would change his game,
And her purſue, or Theodore be ſlain,
And two ghoſts join their packs to hunt her o'er the plain.

This

This dreadful image ſo poſſeſs'd her mind,
That deſperate any ſuccour elſe to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope; and now began
To make reflection on the unhappy man.
Rich, brave, and young, who paſt expreſſion lov'd,
Proof to diſdain, and not to be remov'd:
Of all the men reſpected and admir'd,
Of all the dames, except herſelf, deſir'd:
Why not of her? preferr'd above the reſt
By him with knightly deeds, and open love profeſs'd?
So had another been, where he his vows addreſs'd.
This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts remain'd,
That, once diſdaining, ſhe might be diſdain'd.
The fear was juſt, but greater fear prevail'd,
Fear of her life by helliſh hounds aſſail'd:
He took a lowering leave; but who can tell,
What outward hate might inward love conceal?
Her ſex's art ſhe knew; and why not, then,
Might deep diſſembling have a place in men?
Here hope began to dawn; reſolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmoſt remedy;
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'Twas time enough at laſt on death to call,
The precipice in ſight: a ſhrub was all,
That kindly ſtood betwixt to break the fatal fall.

One maid ſhe had, beloved above the reſt;
Secure of her, the ſecret ſhe confeſs'd;
And now the cheerful light her fears diſpell'd,
She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
But put the woman off, and ſtood reveal'd:

With

With faults confeſs'd, commiſſion'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe;
The welcome meſſage made, was ſoon received;
'Twas to be wiſh'd and hoped, but ſcarce believed;
Fate ſeem'd a fair occaſion to preſent;
He knew the ſex, and fear'd ſhe might repent,
Should he delay the moment of conſent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care
The modeſty of maidens well might ſpare);
But ſhe with ſuch a zeal the cauſe embraced
(As women, where they will, are all in haſte);
The father, mother, and the kin beſide,
Were overborn by fury of the tide;
With full conſent of all, ſhe changed her ſtate;
Reſiſtleſs in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warn'd, the reſt beware;
More eaſy, leſs imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the Devil deſign'd
For one fair female, loſt him half the kind.

No. XL.

DREAMS.

DRYDEN.

From the Tale of "The Cock and the Fox."

Two friends or brothers, with devout intent,
On ſome far pilgrimage together went.
It happen'd ſo that, when the ſun was down,
They juſt arrived by twilight at a town:
That day had been the baiting of a bull,
'Twas at a feaſt, and every inn ſo full,
That no void room in chamber, or on ground,
And but one ſorry bed was to be found:
And that ſo little it would hold but one,
Though till this hour they never lay alone.

So were they forced to part: one ſtay'd behind,
His fellow ſought what lodging he could find:
At laſt he found a ſtall where oxen ſtood,
And that he rather choſe than lie abroad.

'Twas

Twas in a farther yard without a door;
But, for his eaſe, well litter'd was the floor.

His fellow, who the narrow bed had kept,
Was weary, and without a rocker ſlept:
Supine he ſnored; but in the dead of night,
He dreamt his friend appear'd before his ſight,
Who, with his ghaſtly look, and doleful cry,
Said,—"Help me, brother, or this night I die:
"Ariſe and help, before all help be vain,
"Or in an ox's ſtall I ſhall be ſlain."
Rouſed from his reſt, he waken'd in a ſtart,
Shivering with horrour, and with aching heart;
At length to cure himſelf by reaſon tries;
—"'Tis but a dream, and what are dreams but lies?"—
So thinking, changed his ſide, and cloſed his eyes.
His dream returns; his friend appears again:
—"The murderers come; now help, or I am ſlain:"—
'Twas but a viſion ſtill, and viſions are but vain.
He dreamt the third: but now his friend appear'd
Pale, naked, pierced with wounds, with blood beſmear'd:
Thrice warn'd,—"Awake," ſaid he, "relief is late,
"The deed is done; but thou revenge my fate:
"Tardy of aid, unſeal thy heavy eyes,
"Awake, and with the dawning day ariſe:
"Take to the weſtern gate thy ready way,
"For by that paſſage they my corpſe convey:
"My corpſe is in a tumbril laid, among
"The filth and ordure, and incloſed with dung:

That

" That cart arreſt, and raiſe a common cry;
" For ſacred hunger of my gold, I die;"—
Then ſhew'd his griſly wound; and laſt he drew
A piteous ſigh, and took a long adieu.
The frighted friend aroſe by break of day,
And found the ſtall where late his fellow lay.
Then of his impious hoſt inquiring more,
Was anſwer'd that his gueſt was gone before:
—" Muttering, he went," ſaid he, " by morning light,
" And much complain'd of his ill reſt by night."—
This raiſed ſuſpicion in the pilgrim's mind;
Becauſe all hoſts are of an evil kind;
And oft, to ſhare the ſpoils, with robbers join'd.

His dream confirm'd his thought; with troubled look,
Straight to the weſtern gate his way he took;
There, as his dream foretold, a cart he found,
That carried compoſt forth to dung the ground.
This, when the pilgrim ſaw, he ſtretch'd his throat,
And cried out—" murder!"—with a yelling note.
My murder'd fellow in this cart lies dead,
Vengeance and juſtice on the villain's head.
Ye magiſtrates, who ſacred laws diſpenſe,
On you I call, to puniſh this offence.

The word thus given, within a little ſpace,
The mob came roaring out, and throng'd the place;
All in a trice they caſt the cart to ground,
And in the dung the murder'd body found;
Though breathleſs, warm, and reeking, from the wound.

Good

Good heaven, whoſe darling attribute, we find,
Is boundleſs grace, and mercy to mankind,
Abhors the cruel: and the deeds of night
By wondrous ways reveals in open light:
Murder may paſs unpuniſh'd for a time,
But tardy juſtice will o'ertake the crime:
And oft a ſpeedier pain the guilty feels:
The hue and cry of heaven purſues him at the heels.
Freſh from the fact, as in the preſent caſe,
The criminals are ſeized upon the place:
Carter and hoſt confronted face to face.
Stiff in denial, as the law appoints,
On engines they diſtend their tortur'd joints:
So was confeſſion forced, th' offence was known,
And public juſtice on th' offenders done.

—" Here may you ſee, that viſions are to dread;
" And, in the page that follows this, I read,"—

—Of two young merchants, whom the hope of gain
Induced in partnerſhip to croſs the main:
Waiting till willing winds their ſails ſupplied,
Within a trading town they long abide,
Full fairly ſituate on a haven's ſide;
One evening it befel, that, looking out,
The wind they long had wiſh'd was come about:
Well pleaſed they went to reſt; and if the gale
Till morn continued, both reſolved to ſail.

But,

But, as together in a bed they lay,
The younger had a dream at break of day.
A man, he thought, ſtood frowning at his ſide:
Who warn'd him for his ſafety to provide,
Nor put to ſea, but ſafe on ſhore abide.
—" I come, thy genius, to command thy ſtay;
" Truſt not the winds, for fatal is the day,
" And death, unhoped, attends the watery way."—

The viſion ſaid: and vaniſh'd from his ſight:
The dreamer waken'd in a mortal fright:
Then pull'd his drowſy neighbour, and declared
What, in his ſlumber, he had ſeen and heard;
His friend ſmiled ſcornful, and with proud contempt
Rejects as idle, what his fellow dreamt.
—" Stay, who will ſtay; for me no fears reſtrain,
" Who follow Mercury, the god of gain;
" Let each man do as to his fancy ſeems,
" I wait not, I, till you have better dreams.
" Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes;
" When monarch reaſon ſleeps, this mimic wakes:
" Compounds a medley of diſjointed things,
" A mob of coblers, and a court of kings:
" Light fumes are merry, groſſer fumes are ſad:
" Both are the reaſonable ſoul run mad;
" And many monſtrous forms in ſleep we ſee,
" That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
" Sometimes forgotten things, long caſt behind,
" Ruſh forward in the brain, and come to mind.
" The nurſe's legends are for truths received,
" And the man dreams but what the boy believed.

" Sometimes we but rehearſe a former play,
" The night reſtores our actions done by day;
" As hounds in ſleep will open for their prey.
" In ſhort, the farce of dreams is of a piece,
" Chimeras all, and more abſurd or leſs:
" You, who believe in tales, abide alone;
" Whate'er I get this voyage is my own."—

Thus while he ſpoke, he heard the ſhouting crew
That call'd aboard, and took his laſt adieu.
The veſſel went before a merry gale,
And, for quick paſſage, put on every ſail:
But when leaſt fear'd, and e'en in open day,
The miſchief overtook her in the way:
Whether ſhe ſprung a leak, I cannot find,
Or whether ſhe was overſet with wind,
Or that ſome rock below her bottom rent;
But down at once, with all her crew, ſhe went:
Her fellow ſhips from far, her loſs deſcried;
But only ſhe was ſunk, and all were ſafe beſide.

No. XLI.

HISTORY OF PORSENNA,

KING OF RUSSIA.

..... " ARVA, BEATA
PETAMUS ARVA, DIVITES ET INSULAS. HOR. EPOD. 16.

LISLE.

BOOK I.

In Ruſſia's frozen clime, ſome ages ſince,
There dwelt, hiſtorians ſay, a worthy prince,
Who to his people's good confined his care,
And fix'd the baſis of his empire there;
Enlarged their trade, the liberal arts improved,
Made nations happy, and himſelf beloved;
To all the neighbouring ſtates a terror grown,
The dear delight and glory of his own.
Not like thoſe kings, who vainly ſeek renown
From countries ruined, and from battles won;

Thoſe mighty Nimrods, who mean laws deſpiſe,
Call murder but a princely exerciſe,
And, if one bloodleſs ſun ſhould ſteal away,
Cry out, with Titus, they have loſt a day;
Who, to be more than men, themſelves debaſe
Beneath the brute, their Maker's form deface,
Raiſing their titles by their God's diſgrace.
Like fame to bold Eroſtratus we give,
Who ſcorn'd by leſs than ſacrilege to live;
On holy ruins raiſed a laſting name,
And in the temple's fire diffuſed his ſhame.
Far different praiſes, and a brighter fame,
The virtues of the young Porſenna claim;
For by that name the Ruſſian king was known,
And ſure a nobler ne'er adorn'd the throne.
In war he knew the deathful ſword to wield,
And fought the thickeſt dangers of the field,
A bold commander; but, the ſtorm o'erblown,
He ſeem'd as he were made for peace alone;
Then was the golden age again reſtored,
Nor leſs his juſtice honour'd, than his ſword.
All needleſs pomp, and outward grandeur ſpared,
The deeds that graced him were his only guard;
No private views beneath a borrow'd name;
His and the public intereſt were the ſame.
In wealth and pleaſure let the ſubject live;
But virtue is the king's prerogative:
Porſenna there without a rival ſtood,
And would maintain his right of doing good.

Nor

Nor did his perſon leſs attraction wear,
Such majeſty and ſweetneſs mingled there:
Heaven, with uncommon art, the clay refined,
A proper manſion for ſo fair a mind;
Each look, each action, bore peculiar grace,
And love itſelf was painted on his face.
In peaceful time he ſuffer'd not his mind
To ruſt in ſloth, though much to peace inclin'd;
Nor wanton in the lap of pleaſure lay,
And, loſt to glory, loiter'd life away:
But active riſing ere the prime of day,
Through woods and lonely deſerts loved to ſtray;
With hounds and horns to wake the furious bear,
Or rouſe the tawny lion from his lair;
To rid the foreſt of the ſavage brood,
And whet his courage for his country's good.

One day, as he purſued the dangerous ſport,
Attended by the nobles of his court,
It chanced, a beaſt of more than common ſpeed,
Sprang from the brake, and through the deſert fled.
The ardent Prince, impetuous as the wind,
Ruſh'd on, and left his lagging train behind,
Fired with the chaſe, and full of youthful blood,
O'er plains, and vales, and woodland wilds, he rode,
Urging his courſer's ſpeed, nor thought the day,
How waſted, nor how intricate the way:
Nor, till the night in duſky clouds came on,
Reſtrain'd his pace, or found himſelf alone.
Miſſing his train, he ſtrove to meaſure back
The road he came, but could not find the track;

Still

Still turning to the place he left before,
And only lab'ring to be loſt the more.
The bugle horn, which o'er his ſhoulders hung,
So loud he winded, that the foreſt rung;
In vain, no voice but Echo from the ground,
And vocal woods make mockery of the ſound.

And now the gathering clouds began to ſpread
O'er the dun face of night a deeper ſhade;
And the hoarſe thunder, growling from afar,
With herald voice proclaim'd th' approaching war,
Silence awhile enſued,—then by degrees
A hollow wind came muttering through the trees.
Sudden the full-fraught ſky diſcharged its ſtore,
Of rain and rattling hail a mingled ſhower;
The active lightning ran along the ground;
The fiery bolts by fits were hurl'd around,
And the wide foreſts trembled at the ſound.
Amazement ſeized the Prince;—where could he fly?
No guide to lead, no friendly cottage nigh.
Penſive and unreſolved awhile he ſtood
Beneath the ſcanty covert of the wood;
But, drove from thence, ſoon ſallied forth again,
As chance directed, on the dreary plain;
Conſtrain'd his melancholy way to take
Through many a loathſome bog, and thorny brake,
Caught in the thicket, flound'ring in the lake.
Wet with the ſtorm, and wearied with the way,
By hunger pinch'd, himſelf to beaſts a prey;

Nor

Nor wine to cheer his heart, nor fire to burn,
Nor place to reſt, nor proſpect to return.
Drooping and ſpiritleſs, at life's deſpair,
He bade it paſs, not worth his farther care;
When ſuddenly he ſpied a diſtant light,
That faintly twinkled through the gloom of night,
And his heart leap'd for joy, and bleſs'd the welcome ſight.
Oft times he doubted, it appear'd ſo far,
And hung ſo high, 'twas nothing but a ſtar,
Or kindled vapour wand'ring through the ſky,
But ſtill preſs'd on his ſteed, ſtill kept it in his eye;
Till, much fatigue, and many dangers paſt,
At a huge mountain he arrived at laſt.
There, lighting from his horſe, on hands and knees
Groped out the darkſome road by ſlow degrees,
Crawling or clamb'ring o'er the rugged way;
The thunder rolls above, the flames around him play.
Joyful at length he gain'd the ſteepy height,
And found the rift whence ſprang the friendly light.
And here he ſtopp'd to reſt his wearied feet,
And weigh the perils he had ſtill to meet;
Unſheath'd his truſty ſword, and dealt his eyes
With caution round him to prevent ſurpriſe;
Then ſummon'd all the forces of his mind,
And, entering boldly, caſt his fears behind,
Reſolved to puſh his way, whate'er withſtood,
Or periſh bravely, as a monarch ſhould.

While he the wonders of the place ſurvey'd,
And through the various cells at random ſtray'd;

In

In a dark corner of the cave he view'd
Somewhat, that in the ſhape of woman ſtood;
But more deform'd than dreams can repreſent
The midnight hag, or poet's fancy paint
The Lapland witch, when ſhe her broom beſtrides,
And ſcatters ſtorms and tempeſts as ſhe rides.
She look'd as nature made her to diſgrace
Her kind, and caſt a blot on all the race;
Her ſhrivel'd ſkin, with yellow ſpots beſmear'd,
Like mouldy records ſeem'd; her eyes were blear'd;
Her feeble limbs with age and palſy ſhook;
Bent was her body, haggard was her look.
From the dark nook outcrept the filthy crone,
And, propp'd upon her crutch, came tottering on.

The Prince in civil guiſe approach'd the Dame,
Told her his piteous caſe, and whence he came,
And till Aurora ſhould the ſhades expel,
Implored a lodging in her friendly cell.
—" Mortal, whoe'er thou art," the Fiend began,
And, as ſhe ſpake, a deadly horror ran
Through all his frame: his cheeks the blood forſook,
Chatter'd his teeth, his knees together ſtruck.
—" Whoe'er thou art, that with preſumption rude
" Dareſt on our ſacred privacy intrude,
" And without licence in our court appear,
" Know, thou'rt the firſt that ever enter'd here.
" But ſince thou plead'ſt excuſe, thou'rt hither brought
" More by thy fortune than thy own default,

" Thy

" Thy crime, though great, an eaſy pardon finds,
" For mercy ever dwells in royal minds;
" And would you learn from whoſe indulgent hand
" You live, and in whoſe awful preſence ſtand,
" Know farther, through yon wide extended plains
" Great Eolus the King of Tempeſts reigns,
" And in this lofty palace makes abode
" Well ſuited to his ſtate, and worthy of the God.
" The various elements his empire own,
" And pay their humble homage at his throne;
" And hither all the ſtorms and clouds reſort,
" Proud to increaſe the ſplendour of his court.
" His Queen am I, from whom the beauteous race
" Of winds aroſe, ſweet fruit of our embrace!"
She ſcarce had ended, when, with wild uproar
And horrid din, her ſons impetuous pour
Around the cave; came ruſhing in amain
Lybs, Eurus, Boreas, all the boiſt'rous train;
And, cloſe behind them, on a whirlwind rode
In clouded majeſty, the Bluſt'ring God.
Their locks a thouſand ways were blown about;
Their cheeks like full blown bladders ſtrutted out;
Their boaſting talk was of the feats they'd done,
Of trees uprooted, and of towns o'erthrown;
And, when they kindly turn'd them to accoſt
The Prince, they almoſt pierced him with their froſt.

The gaping hag in ſix'd attention ſtood,
And at the cloſe of every tale, cried—" Good!"—

Bleſſing

Bleſſing with outſtretch'd arms each darling ſon,
In due proportion to the miſchief done.
—"And where," ſaid ſhe, "does little Zephyr ſtray?
"Know ye, my ſons, your brother's route to-day?
"In what bold deeds does he his hours employ?
"Grant heaven no evil has befall'n my boy!
"Ne'er was he known to linger thus before."—
Scarce had ſhe ſpoke, when at the cavern door
Came lightly tripping in a form more fair
Than the young poet's fond ideas are,
When, fired with love, he tries his utmoſt art
To paint the beauteous tyrant of his heart.

A ſatin veſt his ſlender ſhape confin'd,
Embroider'd o'er with flowers of every kind,
Flora's own work, when firſt the goddeſs ſtrove
To win the little wanderer to her love.
Of burniſh'd ſilver were his ſandals made,
Silver his buſkins, and with gems o'erlaid;
A ſaffron-colour'd robe behind him flow'd,
And added grace and grandeur as he trod.
His wings, than lillies whiter to behold,
Sprinkled with azure ſpots, and ſtreak'd with gold;
So thin their form, and of ſo light a kind,
That they for ever danced, and flutter'd in the wind.
Around his temples, with becoming air,
In wanton ringlets curl'd his auburn hair,
And o'er his ſhoulders negligently ſpread;
A wreath of fragrant roſes crown'd his head.

Such

Such his attire; but O! no pen can trace,
No words can ſhew the beauties of his face;
So kind! ſo winning! ſo divinely fair!
Eternal youth and pleaſure flouriſh there;
There all the little Loves and Graces meet,
And every thing that's ſoft, and every thing that's ſweet.

—"Thou vagrant," cried the Dame in angry tone,
"Where could'ſt thou loiter thus ſo long alone?
"Little thou careſt what anxious thoughts moleſt,
"What pangs are labouring in a mother's breaſt.
"Well do you ſhew your duty by your haſte,
"For thou, of all my ſons, art always laſt;
"A child leſs fondled would have fled more faſt.
"Sure 'tis a curſe on mothers, doom'd to mourn,
"Where beſt they love, the leaſt and worſt return."—

—"My dear mama!" the gentle youth replied,
And made a low obeiſance, "ceaſe to chide,
"Nor wound me with your words, for well you know
"Your Zephyr bears a part in all your woe;
"How great muſt be his ſorrow then to learn,
"That he himſelf's the cauſe of your concern!
"Nor had I loiter'd thus, had I been free,
"But the fair Princeſs of Felicity
"Intreated me to make ſome ſhort delay;
"And, aſk'd by her, who could refuſe to ſtay?

"Surrounded

" Surrounded by the damſels of her court,
" She ſought the ſhady grove, her loved reſort;
" Freſh roſe the graſs, the flowers were mix'd between,
" Like rich embroidery on a ground of green,
" And in the midſt, protected by the ſhade,
" A cryſtal ſtream in wild meanders play'd;
" While in its banks, the trembling leaves among,
" A thouſand little birds in concert ſung.
" Cloſe by a mount, with fragrant ſhrubs o'ergrown,
" On a cool moſſy couch ſhe laid her down;
" Her air, her poſture, all conſpir'd to pleaſe;
" Her head, upon her ſnowy arm at eaſe
" Reclined, a ſtudied careleſſneſs expreſs'd;
" Looſe lay her robe, and naked heaved her breaſt.
" Eager I flew to that delightful place,
" And pour'd a ſhower of kiſſes on her face;
" Now hover'd o'er her neck, her breaſt, her arms,
" Like bees o'er flowers, and taſted all her charms;
" And then her lips, and then her cheeks I tried,
" And fann'd, and wanton'd round on every ſide.
" —'O Zephyr,' cried the fair, 'thou charming boy,
" 'Thy preſence only can create me joy;
" 'To me thou art beyond expreſſion dear,
" 'Nor can I quit the place while thou art here.'—
" Excuſe my weakneſs, madam, when I ſwear
" Such gentle words, join'd with ſo ſoft an air,
" Pronounced ſo ſweetly from a mouth ſo fair,
" Quite raviſh'd all my ſenſe; nor did I know
" How long I ſtaid, or when or where to go.

" Meanwhile

" Meanwhile the damſels, debonnair and gay,
" Prattled around, and laugh'd the time away:
" Theſe in ſoft notes addreſs'd the raviſh'd ear,
" And warbled out ſo ſweet, 'twas heaven to hear;
" And thoſe in rings, beneath the greenwood ſhade,
" Danced to the melody their fellows made.
" Some, ſtudious of themſelves, employ'd their care
" In weaving flowery wreaths to deck their hair;
" While others to ſome favourite plant convey'd
" Refreſhing ſhowers, and cheer'd its drooping head.
" A joy ſo general ſpread through all the place,
" Such ſatisfaction dwelt on every face,
" The nymphs ſo kind, ſo lovely looked the queen,
" That never eye beheld a ſweeter ſcene."

Porſenna like a ſtatue fix'd appear'd,
And, wrapp'd in ſilent wonder, gazed and heard;
Much he admired the ſpeech, the ſpeaker more,
And dwelt on every word, and grieved to find it o'er.
—" Oh gentle youth," he cried, " proceed to tell,
" In what fair country does this princeſs dwell;
" What regions unexplored, what hidden coaſt
" Can ſo much goodneſs, ſo much beauty boaſt?"—

To whom the winged god, with gracious look,
Numberleſs ſweets diffuſing while he ſpoke,
Thus anſwer'd kind,—" Theſe happy gardens lie
" Far hence remov'd, beneath a milder ſky;
" Their name—the Kingdom of Felicity.

" Sweet

" Sweet ſcenes of endleſs bliſs, enchanted ground,
" A ſoil for ever ſought, but ſeldom found;
" Though in the ſearch all human kind in vain
" Weary their wits, and waſte their lives in pain.
" In different parties different paths they tread,
" As reaſon guides them, or as follies lead;
" Theſe wrangling for the place they ne'er ſhall ſee,
" Debating thoſe, if ſuch a place there be;
" But not the wiſeſt, nor the beſt, can ſay
" Where lies the point, or mark the certain way.
" Some few, by Fortune favour'd for her ſport,
" Have fail'd in ſight of this delightful port;
" In thought already ſeized the bleſs'd abodes,
" And in their fond delirium rank'd with gods.
" Fruitleſs attempt! all avenues are kept
" By dreadful foes, ſentry that never ſlept.
" Here fell Detraction darts her pois'nous breath
" Fraught with a thouſand ſtings, and ſcatters death;
" Sharp-ſighted Envy there maintains her poſt,
" And ſhakes her flaming brand, and ſtalks around the coaſt.
" Theſe on the helpleſs bark their fury pour,
" Plunge in the waves, or daſh againſt the ſhore;
" Teach wretched mortals they were doom'd to mourn,
" And ne'er muſt reſt but in the ſilent urn.

" But ſay, young Monarch, for what name you bear
" Your mien, your dreſs, your perſon, all declare;
" And though I ſeldom fan the frozen north,
" Yet have I heard of brave Porſenna's worth.

" My

" My brother Boreas through the world has flown,
" Swelling his breath to ſpread forth your renown;
" Say, would you chooſe to viſit this retreat,
" And view the world where all theſe wonders meet?
" Wiſh you ſome friend o'er that tempeſtuous ſea
" To bear you ſafe, behold that friend in me.
" My active wings ſhall all their force employ,
" And nimbly waft you to the realms of joy;
" As once, to gratify the God of Love,
" I bore fair Pſyche to the Cyprian grove;
" Or as Jove's bird, deſcending from on high,
" Snatch'd the young Trojan trembling to the ſky.
" There perfect bliſs thou may'ſt for ever ſhare,
" 'Scaped from the buſy world, and all its care;
" There in the lovely princeſs thou ſhalt find
" A miſtreſs ever blooming, ever kind."—
All ecſtaſy on air Porſenna trod,
And to his boſom ſtrain'd the little God:
With grateful ſentiments his heart o'erflow'd,
And in the warmeſt words millions of thanks beſtow'd.

When Eolus in ſurly humour broke
Their ſtrict embrace, and thus abruptly ſpoke:
—" Enough of compliment; I hate the ſport
" Of meanleſs words: this is no human court,
" Where plain and honeſt are diſcarded quite,
" For the more modiſh title of polite;
" Where in ſoft ſpeeches hypocrites impart
" The venom'd ills that lurk beneath the heart;
" In friendſhip's holy guiſe their guilt improve,
" And kindly kill with ſpecious ſhew of love.

" For

" For us,—my ſubjects are not uſed to wait,
" And waſte their hours to hear a mortal prate;
" They muſt abroad before the riſing ſun,
" And hie 'em to the ſeas: there's miſchief to be done.
" Excuſe my plainneſs, Sir, but buſineſs ſtands,
" And we have ſtorms and ſhipwrecks on our hands."—

He ended frowning, and the noiſy rout
Each to his ſeveral cell went puffing out.
But Zephyr, far more courteous than the reſt,
To his own bower convey'd the royal gueſt;
There, on a bed of roſes neatly laid,
Beneath the fragrance of a myrtle ſhade,
His limbs to needful reſt the Prince applied,
His ſweet companion ſlumbering by his ſide.

BOOK II.

No ſooner in her ſilver chariot roſe
The ruddy Morn, than, fated with repoſe,
The Prince addreſs'd his hoſt; the God awoke,
And leaping from his couch, thus kindly ſpoke:
—" This early call, my lord, that chides my ſtay,
" Requires my thanks, and I with joy obey.
" Like you, I long to reach the bliſsful coaſt,
" Hate the ſlow night, and mourn the moments loſt.

" The

" The bright Roſinda, lovelieſt of the fair
" That crowd the Princeſs' court, demands my care;
" E'en now with fears and jealouſies o'erborne
" Upbraids, and calls me cruel and forſworn.
" What ſweet rewards on all my toils attend,
" Serving at once my miſtreſs and my friend!
" Juſt to my love and to my duty too,
" Well paid in her, well pleaſed in pleaſing you."—
This ſaid, he led him to the cavern gate,
And claſp'd him in his arms, and poised his weight;
Then, balancing his body here and there,
Stretch'd forth his agile wings, and launch'd in air;
Swift as the fiery meteor from on high
Shoots to its goal, and gleams athwart the ſky.
Here with quick fan his lab'ring pinions play;
There glide at eaſe along the liquid way:
Now lightly ſkim the plain with even flight;
Now proudly ſoar above the mountain's height.

Spiteful Detraction, whoſe envenom'd hate
Sports with the ſufferings of the good and great,
Spares not our Prince, but with opprobrious ſneer
Arraigns him of the heinous ſin of fear;
That he, ſo tried in arms, whoſe very name
Infuſed a ſecret panic where it came,
E'en he, as high above the clouds he flew,
And ſpied the mountains leſs'ning to the view,
Nought round him but the wide expanded air,
Helpleſs, abandon'd to a ſtripling's care,
Struck with the rapid whirl, and dreadful height,
Confeſs'd ſome faint alarm, ſome little fright.

The friendly God, who inſtantly divined
The terrors that poſſeſs'd his fellow's mind,
To calm his troubled thoughts, and cheat the way,
Deſcribed the nations that beneath them lay,
The name, the climate, and the ſoil's increaſe,
Their arms in war, their government in peace;
Shew'd their domeſtic arts, their foreign trade,
What intereſt they purſued, what leagues they made.
The ſweet diſcourſe ſo charm'd Porſenna's ear,
That, loſt in joy, he had no time for fear.

From Scandinavia's cold inclement waſte
O'er wide Germania's various realms they paſs'd,
And now on Albion's fields ſuſpend their toil,
And hover for awhile, and bleſs the ſoil.
O'er the gay ſcene the Prince delighted hung,
And gazed in rapture, and forgot his tongue;
Till burſting forth at length:—"Behold," cried he,
"The promiſed iſle, the land I long'd to ſee;
"Thoſe plains, thoſe vales, and fruitful hills, declare
"My queen, my charmer muſt inhabit there."—
Thus raved the Monarch, and the gentle Guide,
Pleaſed with his error, thus in ſmiles replied:

—"I muſt applaud, my lord, the lucky thought;
"E'en I, who know th' original, am caught,
"And doubt my ſenſes, when I view the draught.
"The ſlow-aſcending hill, the lofty wood
"That mantles o'er its brow, the ſilver flood

"Wand'ring

" Wand'ring in mazes through the flow'ry mead,
" The herd that in the plenteous paſtures feed,
" And every object, every ſcene, excites
" Freſh wonder in my ſoul, and fills with new delights:
" Dwells cheerful Plenty there, and learned Eaſe,
" And Art with Nature ſeems at ſtrife to pleaſe.
" There Liberty, delightful goddeſs, reigns,
" Gladdens each heart, and gilds the fertile plains;
" There, firmly ſeated, may ſhe ever ſmile,
" And ſhower her bleſſings o'er her favourite iſle!
" But ſee, the riſing ſun reproves our ſtay."—
He ſaid, and to the ocean wing'd his way,
Stretching his courſe to climates then unknown,
Nations that ſwelter in the burning zone.
There, in Peruvian vales, a moment ſtaid,
And ſmooth'd his wings beneath the citron ſhade;
Then ſwift his oary pinions plied again,
Croſs'd the new world, and ſought the Southern main;
Where, many a wet and weary league o'erpaſt,
The wiſh'd-for Paradiſe appear'd at laſt.

With force abated, now they gently ſweep
O'er the ſmooth ſurface of the ſhining deep;
The Dryads hail'd them from the diſtant ſhore,
The Nereids play'd around, the Tritons ſwam before,
While ſoft Favonius their arrival greets,
And breathes his welcome in a thouſand ſweets.

Nor pale diſeaſe, nor health-conſuming care,
Nor wrath, nor foul revenge, can enter there;

No vapour'd foggy gloom imbrowns the ſky;
No tempeſts rage, no angry lightnings fly;
But dews, and ſoft refreſhing airs are found,
And pure ethereal azure ſhines around.
Whate'er the ſweet Sabæan ſoil can boaſt,
Or Mecca's plains, or India's ſpicy coaſt;
What Hybla's hills, or rich Œbalia's fields,
Or flowery vale of famed Hymettus yields;
Or what of old th' Heſperian orchard graced,
All that was e'er delicious to the taſte,
Sweet to the ſmell, or lovely to the view,
Collected there with added beauty grew.
High tow'ring to the Heavens the trees are ſeen,
Their bulk immenſe, their leaf for ever green;
So cloſely interwove, the tell-tale ſun
Can ne'er deſcry the deeds beneath them done,
But where by fits the ſportive gales divide
Their tender tops, and fan the leaves aſide.
Like a ſmooth carpet, at their feet lies ſpread
The matted graſs, by bubbling fountains fed;
And on each bough the feathered choir employ
Their melting notes, and nought is heard but joy.
The painted flowers exhale a rich perfume,
The fruits are mingled with eternal bloom,
And Spring and Autumn hand in hand appear,
Lead on the merry months, and join to clothe the year.
Here, o'er the mountain's ſhaggy ſummit pour'd,
From rock to rock the tumbling torrent roar'd,
While beauteous Iris in the vale below
Paints on the riſing fumes her radiant bow.

Now

Now through the meads the mazy current ſtray'd,
Now hid its wand'rings in the myrtle ſhade;
Or in a thouſand veins divides its ſtore,
Viſits each plant, refreſhes ev'ry flow'r;
O'er gems and golden ſands in murmurs flows,
And ſweetly ſoothes the ſoul, and lulls to ſoft repoſe.

If hunger call, no ſooner can the mind
Expreſs her will to needful food inclin'd,
But in ſome cool receſs, or op'ning glade,
The ſeats are placed, the tables neatly laid,
And inſtantly convey'd by magic hand
In comely rows the coſtly diſhes ſtand;
Meats of all kinds that nature can impart,
Prepared in all the niceſt forms of art.
A troop of ſprightly nymphs array'd in green,
With flow'ry chaplets crown'd, come ſcudding in;
With fragrant bloſſoms theſe adorn the feaſt,
Thoſe with officious zeal attend the gueſt;
Beneath his feet the ſilken carpet ſpread,
Or ſprinkle liquid odours o'er his head.
Others in ruby cups with roſes bound,
Delightful! deal the ſparkling nectar round;
Or weave the dance, or tune the vocal lay;
The lyres reſound, the merry minſtrels play;
Gay health, and youthful joys o'erſpread the place,
And ſwell each heart, and triumph in each face.
So, when embolden'd by the vernal air,
The buſy bees to blooming fields repair;
For various uſe employ their chymic power;
One culls the ſnowy pounce, one ſucks the flower;

Again to different works returning home,
Some * ſteeve the honey, ſome erect the comb;
All for the general good in concert ſtrive,
And every ſoul's in motion, every limb's alive.

And now deſcending from his flight, the God
On the green turf releaſed his precious load;
There, after mutual ſalutations paſt,
And endleſs friendſhip vow'd, they part in haſte;
Zephyr impatient to behold his love,
The Prince in raptures wand'ring through the grove;
Now ſkipping on, and ſinging as he went,
Now ſtopping ſhort to give his tranſports vent;
With ſudden guſts of happineſs oppreſs'd,
Or ſtands entranced, or raves like one poſſeſs'd;
His mind afloat, his wand'ring ſenſes quite
O'ercome with charms, and frantic with delight;
From ſcene to ſcene by random ſteps convey'd,
Admires the diſtant views, explores the ſecret ſhade,
Dwells on each ſpot, with eager eye devours
The woods, the lawns, the buildings, and the bowers;
New ſweets, new joys at every glance ariſe,
And every turn creates a freſh ſurpriſe.

Cloſe by the borders of a riſing wood,
In a green vale a cryſtal grotto ſtood;
And o'er its ſide, beneath a beechen ſhade,
In broken falls a ſilver fountain play'd.

* Or ſtive, ſtipant.

Hither,

Hither, attracted by the murmuring ſtream,
And cool receſs, the pleaſed Porſenna came,
And on the tender graſs reclining choſe
To wave his joys awhile, and take a ſhort repoſe.
The ſcene invites him, and the wanton breeze
That whiſpers through the vale, the dancing trees,
The warbling birds, and rills that gently creep,
All join their muſic to prolong his ſleep.

The Princeſs for her morning walk prepared;
The female troops attend, a beauteous guard.
Array'd in all her charms appear'd the fair;
Tall was her ſtature, unconfin'd her air;
Proportion deck'd her limbs, and in her face
Lay love inſhrined, lay ſweet attractive grace
Temp'ring the awful beams her eyes convey'd,
And like a lambent flame around her play'd.
No foreign aids, by mortal ladies worn,
From ſhells and rocks her artleſs charms adorn;
For grant that beauty were by gems increaſed,
'Tis render'd more ſuſpected at the leaſt;
And foul defects, that would eſcape the ſight,
Start from the piece, and take a ſtronger light.
Her cheſnut hair in careleſs rings around
Her temples waved, with pinks and jeſſamine crown'd,
And, gather'd in a ſilken cord behind,
Curl'd to the waiſt, and floated in the wind;
O'er theſe a veil of yellow gauze ſhe wore,
With amaranths and gold embroider'd o'er.

Her

Her ſnowy neck half naked to the view
Gracefully fell; a robe of purple hue
Hung looſely o'er her tender ſhape, and tried
To ſhade thoſe beauties, that it could not hide.

The damſels of her train with mirth and ſong
Frolic behind, and laugh and ſport along.
The birds proclaim their Queen from ev'ry tree;
The beaſts run friſking through the groves to ſee;
The Loves, the Pleaſures, and the Graces meet
In antic rounds, and dance before her feet.
But whate'er fancy led, it chanced that day
They through the ſecret valley took their way,
And to the cryſtal grott advancing ſpied
The Prince, extended by the fountain's ſide.

He look'd as, by ſome ſkilful hand expreſs'd,
Apollo's youthful form retired to reſt;
When with the chaſe fatigued he quits the wood
For Pindus' vale, and Aganippe's flood;
There ſleeps ſecure, his careleſs limbs diſplay'd
At eaſe, encircled by the laurel ſhade;
Beneath his head his ſheaf of arrows lie,
His bow unbent hangs negligently by.
The ſlumb'ring Prince might boaſt an equal grace,
So turn'd his limbs, ſo beautiful his face.

Waking, he ſtarted from the ground in haſte,
And ſaw the beauteous choir around him placed;

Then

Then, ſummoning his ſenſes, ran to meet
The Queen, and laid him humbly at her feet.
—" Deign, lovely Princeſs, to behold," ſaid he,
" One, who has traverſed all the world to ſee
" Thoſe charms, and worſhip thy divinity:
" Accept thy ſlave, and with a gracious ſmile
" Excuſe his raſhneſs, and reward his toil."—
Stood motionleſs the fair, with mute ſurpriſe,
And read him over with admiring eyes;
And while ſhe ſtedfaſt gazed, a pleaſing ſmart
Ran thrilling through her veins, and reach'd her heart.
Each limb ſhe ſcann'd, conſider'd every grace,
And ſagely judged him of the phœnix' race;
An animal like this ſhe ne'er had known,
And thence concluded there could be but one;
The creature too had all the phœnix' air;
None but the phœnix could appear ſo fair.
The more ſhe look'd, the more ſhe thought it true,
And call'd him by that name, to ſhew ſhe knew.

—" O handſome Phœnix, for that ſuch you are
" We know; your beauty does your breed declare;
" And I with ſorrow own through all my coaſt
" No other bird can ſuch perfection boaſt;
" For Nature form'd you ſingle and alone,
" Alas! what pity 'tis there is but one!
" Was there a queen ſo fortunate to ſhew
" An aviary of charming birds like you,
" What envy would her happineſs create
" In all who ſaw the glories of her ſtate!"—

The Prince laugh'd inwardly, ſurpriſed to find
So ſtrange a ſpeech, ſo innocent a mind.
The compliment indeed did ſome offence
To reaſon, and a little wrong'd her ſenſe;
He could not let it paſs, but told his name,
And what he was, and whence, and why he came;
And hinted other things of high concern
For him to mention, and for her to learn;
And ſhe 'ad a piercing wit, of wond'rous reach
To comprehend whatever he could teach.
Thus hand in hand they to the palace walk,
Pleaſed and inſtructed with each other's talk.

Here ſhould I tell the furniture's expence,
And all the ſtructure's vaſt magnificence,
Deſcribe the walls of ſhining ſapphire made,
With emerald and pearl the floors inlaid,
And how the vaulted canopies unfold
A mimic heaven, and flame with gems and gold;
Or how Felicity regales her gueſt,
The wit, the mirth, the muſic, and the feaſt;
And on each part beſtow the praiſes due,
'Twould tire the writer, and the reader too.
My amorous tale a ſofter path purſues:
Love and the happy pair demand my Muſe.
O could her art in equal terms expreſs
The lives they lead, the pleaſures they poſſeſs!
Fortune had ne'er ſo plenteouſly before
Beſtow'd her gifts, nor can ſhe laviſh more.

'Tis

'Tis heaven itſelf, 'tis ecſtacy of bliſs,
Uninterrupted joy, untired exceſs;
Mirth following mirth the moments dance away;
Love claims the night, and friendſhip rules the day.

Their tender care no cold indifference knows;
No jealouſies diſturb their ſweet repoſe;
No ſickneſs, no decay; but youthful grace,
And conſtant beauty ſhines in either face.
Benumbing age may mortal charms invade,
Flowers of a day, that do but bloom and fade;
Far different here—on them it only blows
The lily's white, and ſpeads the bluſhing roſe;
No conqueſt o'er thoſe radiant eyes can boaſt;
They, like the ſtars, ſhine brighter in its froſt;
Nor fear its rigour, nor its rule obey;
All ſeaſons are the ſame, and every month is May.

Alas! how vain is happineſs below!
Man, ſoon or late, muſt have his ſhare of woe;
Slight are his joys, and fleeting as the wind;
His griefs wound home, and leave a ſting behind.
His lot diſtinguiſh'd from the brute appears
Leſs certain by his laughter than his tears;
For ignorance too oft our pleaſure breeds,
But ſorrow from the reaſoning ſoul proceeds.

If man on earth in endleſs bliſs could be,
The boon, young Prince, had been beſtow'd on thee.

Bright

Bright ſhone thy ſtars, thy fortune flouriſh'd fair,
And ſeem'd ſecure beyond the reach of care,
And ſo might ſtill have been, but anxious thought
Has daſh'd thy cup, and thou muſt taſte the draught.

It ſo befel: as on a certain day
This happy couple toy'd their time away,
He aſk'd how many charming hours were flown,
Since on her ſlave her heaven of beauty ſhone.
—" Should I conſult my heart," cried he, " the rate
" Were ſmall, a week would be the utmoſt date;
" But when my mind reflects on actions paſt,
" And counts its joys, time muſt have fled more faſt;
" Perhaps I might have ſaid, three months are gone."—
—" Three months!" replied the fair, " three months alone!
" Know that three hundred years have roll'd away,
" Since at my feet the lovely Phœnix lay."—
—" Three hundred years!" re-echo'd back the Prince,
" A whole three hundred years completed ſince
" I landed here! O! whither then are flown
" My deareſt friends, my ſubjects, and my throne?
" How ſtrange, alas! how alter'd ſhall I find
" Each earthly thing, each ſcene I left behind!
" Who knows me now? on whom ſhall I depend
" To gain my rights? where ſhall I find a friend?
" My crown, perhaps, may grace a foreign line,
" A race of kings, that knows not me nor mine;
" Who reigns may wiſh my death, his ſubjects treat
" My claim with ſcorn, and call their Prince a cheat.

" Oh

" Oh had my life been ended as begun!
" My deſtined ſtage, my race of glory run,
" I ſhould have died well pleaſed; my honour'd name
" Had lived, had flouriſh'd in the liſt of fame;
" Reflecting now, my mind with horror ſees
" The ſad ſurvey, a ſcene of ſhameful eaſe,
" The odious blot, the ſcandal of my race,
" Scarce known, and only mention'd with diſgrace."—

The Fair beheld him with impatient eye,
And red with anger made this warm reply.
—" Ungrateful man! is this the kind return
" My love deſerves? and can you thus with ſcorn
" Reject what once you prized, what once you ſwore
" Surpaſs'd all charms, and made e'en glory poor?
" What gifts have I beſtow'd, what favours ſhewn!
" Made you partaker of my bed and throne;
" Three centuries preſerved in youthful prime,
" Safe from the rage of death and injuries of time.
" Weak arguments! for glory reigns above
" The feeble ties of gratitude and love.
" I urge them not, nor would requeſt your ſtay;
" The phantom glory calls, and I obey;
" All other virtues are regardleſs quite,
" Sunk and abſorb'd in that ſuperior light.
" Go then, barbarian, to thy realms return,
" And ſhew thyſelf unworthy my concern;
" Go tell the world, your tender heart could give
" Death to the Princeſs, by whoſe care you live."—

At this a deadly pale her cheeks o'erſpread,
Cold trembling ſeized her limbs, her ſpirits fled;
She ſunk into his arms: the Prince was moved,
Felt all her griefs, for ſtill he greatly loved.
He ſigh'd, he wiſh'd he could forget his throne,
Confine his thoughts, and live for her alone;
But glory ſhot him deep, the venom'd dart
Was fix'd within, and rankled at his heart;
He could not hide its wounds, but pined away
Like a ſick flower, and languiſh'd in decay.
An age no longer like a month appears,
But every month becomes a hundred years.

Felicity was grieved, and could not bear
A ſcene ſo changed, a ſight of ſo much care.
She told him with a look of cold diſdain,
And ſeeming eaſe, as women well can feign,
He might depart at will; a milder air
Would mend his health; he was no priſoner there;
She kept him not, and wiſh'd he ne'er might find
Cauſe to regret the place he left behind;
Which once he loved, and where he ſtill muſt own
He had at leaſt ſome little pleaſure known.

If theſe prophetic words awhile deſtroy
His peace, the former balance it in joy.
He thank'd her for her kind concern, but choſe
To quit the place, the reſt let heaven diſpoſe.
For Fate, on miſchiefs bent, perverts the will,
And firſt infatuates whom it means to kill.

Aurora now, not, as ſhe wont to riſe,
In gay attire tinged with a thouſand dies,
But ſober-ſad in ſolemn ſtate appears,
Clad in a duſky veil bedew'd with tears.
Thick mantling clouds beneath her chariot ſpread,
A faded wreath hangs drooping from her head.
The ſick'ning ſun emits a feeble ray,
Half drown'd in fogs, and ſtruggling into day.
Some black event the threat'ning ſkies foretell;
Porſenna roſe to take his laſt farewell.
A curious veſt the mournful Princeſs brought,
And armour by the Lemnian artiſt wrought;
A ſhining lance with ſecret virtue ſtored,
And of reſiſtleſs force a magic ſword;
Capariſons and gems of wond'rous price,
And loaded him with gifts and good advice;
But chief ſhe gave, and what he moſt would need,
The fleeteſt of her ſtud, a flying ſteed.
—"The ſwift Griſippo," ſaid th' afflicted fair,
(Such was the courſer's name) "with ſpeed ſhall bear,
"And place you ſafely in your native air;
"Aſſiſt againſt the foe, with matchleſs might
"Ravage the field, and turn the doubtful fight;
"With care protect you till the danger ceaſe,
"Your truſt in war, your ornament in peace.
"But this, I warn, beware; whate'er ſhall lay
"To intercept your courſe, or tempt your ſtay,
"Quit not your ſaddle, nor your ſpeed abate,
"'Till ſafely landed at your palace gate.
"On this alone depends your weal or woe;
"Such is the will of Fate, and ſo the Gods foreſhew."—

He

He in the ſofteſt terms repaid her love,
And vow'd, nor age, nor abſence, ſhould remove
His conſtant faith, and ſure ſhe could not blame
A ſhort divorce due to his injur'd fame.
The debt diſcharged, then ſhould her ſoldier come
Gay from the field, and fluſh'd with conqueſt, home;
With equal ardour her affection meet,
And lay his laurels at his miſtreſs' feet.
He ceaſed, and ſighing took a kind adieu;
Then urged his ſteed; the fierce Griſippo flew;
With rapid force outſtripp'd the lagging wind,
And left the bliſsful ſhores, and weeping fair behind;
Now o'er the ſeas purſued his airy flight,
Now ſcower'd the plains, and climb'd the mountain's height.

Thus driving on at ſpeed the Prince had run
Near half his courſe, when, with the ſetting ſun,
As through a lonely lane he chanced to ride,
With rocks and buſhes fenced on either ſide,
He ſpied a waggon full of wings, that lay
Broke and o'erturn'd acroſs the narrow way.
The helpleſs driver on the dirty road
Lay ſtruggling, cruſh'd beneath the incumbent load.
Never in human ſhape was ſeen before
A wight ſo pale, ſo feeble, and ſo poor,
Compariſons of age would do him wrong,
For Neſtor's ſelf, if placed by him, were young.
His limbs were naked all, and worn ſo thin,
The bones ſeem'd ſtarting through the parchment ſkin,

His

His eyes half drown'd in rheum, his accents weak,
Bald was his head, and furrow'd was his cheek.

The conſcious ſteed ſtopp'd ſhort in deadly fright,
And back recoiling ſtretch'd his wings for flight.
When thus the wretch with ſupplicating tone,
And rueful face, began his piteous moan,
And, as he ſpake, the tears ran trickling down.
—" O gentle youth, if pity e'er inclin'd
" Thy ſoul to generous deeds, if e'er thy mind
" Was touch'd with ſoft diſtreſs, extend thy care
" To ſave an old man's life, and eaſe the load I bear.
" So may propitious heaven your journey ſpeed,
" Prolong your days, and all your vows ſucceed."

Moved with the prayer the kind Porſenna ſtaid,
Too nobly-minded to refuſe his aid,
And, prudence yielding to ſuperior grief,
Leap'd from his ſteed, and ran to his relief;
Removed the weight, and gave the priſoner breath,
Juſt choak'd, and gaſping on the verge of death.
Then reach'd his hand, when lightly with a bound
The grizly Spectre, vaulting from the ground,
Seized him with ſudden gripe, th' aſtoniſh'd Prince
Stood horror-ſtruck, and thoughtleſs of defence.

—" O King of Ruſſia," with a thundering ſound
Bellow'd the ghaſtly Fiend, " at length thou'rt found.

" Receive the ruler of mankind, and know,
" My name is Time, thy ever dreaded foe.
" Theſe feet are founder'd, and the wings you ſee
" Worn to the pinions in purſuit of thee;
" Through all the world in vain for ages fought,
" But Fate has doom'd thee now, and thou art caught."—
Then round his neck his arms he nimbly caſt,
And ſeized him by the throat, and graſp'd him faſt;
'Till forced at length the ſoul forſook its ſeat,
And the pale breathleſs corſe fell bleeding at his feet.

Scarce had the curſed ſpoiler left his prey,
When, ſo it chanced, young Zephyr paſs'd that way;
Too late his preſence to aſſiſt his friend,
A ſad, but helpleſs witneſs of his end.
He chafes, and fans, and ſtrives in vain to cure
His ſtreaming wounds; the work was done too ſure.
Now lightly with a ſoft embrace uprears
The lifeleſs load, and bathes it in his tears;
Then to the bliſsful ſeats with ſpeed conveys,
And graceful on the moſſy carpets lays
With decent care, cloſe by the fountain's ſide,
Where firſt the Princeſs had her Phœnix ſpied.
There with ſweet flowers his lovely limbs he ſtrew'd,
And gave a parting kiſs, and ſighs and tears beſtow'd.

To that ſad ſolitude the weeping Dame,
Wild with her loſs, and ſwoln with ſorrow, came.

There

There was ſhe wont to vent her griefs, and mourn
Thoſe dear delights that muſt no more return.
Thither that morn with more than uſual care
She ſped, but oh what joy to find him there!
As juſt arrived, and weary with the way,
Retired to ſoft repoſe her Hero lay.
Now near approaching ſhe began to creep
With careful ſteps, loth to diſturb his ſleep;
'Till quite o'ercome with tenderneſs ſhe flew,
And round his neck her arms in tranſport threw.
But, when ſhe found him dead, no tongue can tell
The pangs ſhe felt; ſhe ſhriek'd, and ſwooning fell.
Waking, with loud laments ſhe pierced the ſkies,
And fill'd th' affrighted foreſt with her cries.
That fatal hour the palace gates ſhe barr'd,
And fix'd around the coaſt a ſtronger guard:
Now rare appearing, and at diſtance ſeen,
With crowds of black misfortunes placed between;
Miſchiefs of every kind, corroding care,
And fears, and jealouſies, and dark deſpair.
And ſince that day (the wretched world muſt own
Theſe mournful truths by ſad experience known)
No mortal e'er enjoy'd that happy clime,
And every thing on earth ſubmits to Time.

No. XLII.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.....GRAY.

To be found in the Orcades of Thormodus Torfæus, Hafniæ, 1697, folio; and alſo in Bartholinus:

Vitt er orpit fyrir valfalli, &c.

In the eleventh century Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney Iſlands, went with a fleet of ſhips and a conſiderable body of troops into Ireland, to the aſſiſtance of Sictryg with the ſilken beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law, Brian, King of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and Sictryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loſs in the death of Brian their king, who fell in the action. On Chriſtmas-day (the day of the battle), a native of Scotland ſaw, at a diſtance, a number of perſons on horſeback riding full ſpeed towards a hill, and ſeeming to enter it. Curioſity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks, he ſaw twelve gigantic figures reſembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they ſung the following

following dreadful Song; which, when they had finiſhed, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped ſix to the north, and as many to the ſouth. Theſe were the Valkyriur, *female divinities, ſervants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. Their name ſignifies* Chooſers of the Slain. *They were mounted on ſwift horſes, with drawn ſwords in their hands; and in the throng of battle ſelected ſuch as were deſtined to ſlaughter, and conducted them to Valkalla, the hall of Odin, or Paradiſe of the Brave, where they attended the banquet, and ſerved the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.*

Now the ſtorm begins to lower,
(Haſte, the loom of hell prepare,)
Iron-ſleet of arrowy ſhower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the duſky warp we ſtrain,
Weaving many a ſoldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the griſly texture grow!
('Tis of human entrails made)
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gaſping warrior's head.

Shafts

Shafts for ſhuttles, dipp'd in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tiſſue cloſe and ſtrong.

Miſta, black terrific Maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda, ſee!
Join the wayward work to aid;
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy ſun be ſet,
Pikes muſt ſhiver, javelins ſing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk craſh, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimſon web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict ſhare,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of Fate we tread,
Wading through th' enſanguined field,
Gondula, and Geira, ſpread
O'er the youthful King your ſhield.

We the reins to ſlaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to ſpare:
Spite of danger he ſhall live.
(Weave the crimſon web of war.)

They,

They, whom once the deſert beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample ſway ſhall ſtretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntleſs Earl is laid,
Gored with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a King ſhall bite the ground.

Long his loſs ſhall Eirin * weep,
Ne'er again his likeneſs ſee;
Long her ſtrains in ſorrow ſteep:
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the ſun.
Siſters, weave the web of death.—
Siſters, ceaſe: the work is done.

Hail the taſk, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph ſing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger King!

Mortal, thou that hear'ſt the tale,
Learn the tenour of our ſong.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Siſters,

* Ireland.

Sifters, hence with ſpurs of ſpeed:
  Each her thundering faulchion wield:
Each beſtride her ſable ſteed.
  Hurry, hurry to the field.

No. XLIII.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.....GRAY.

The original is to be found in Bartholinus, de cauſis contemnendæ mortis; Hafniæ, 1689, quarto.

Upreis Odinn allda gautr, &c.

Uprose the King of Men with ſpeed,
And ſaddled ſtraight his coal-black ſteed:
Down the yawning ſteep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode. *
Him the Dog of Darkneſs ſpied;
His ſhaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore diſtill'd:

Hoarſe

* *Niſlheimr*, the hell of the Gothic nations, conſiſted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all ſuch as died of ſickneſs, old age, or by any other means than in battle. Over it preſided Hela, the Goddeſs of Death.

Hoarſe he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long purſues, with fruitleſs yell,
The Father of the powerful ſpell.
Onward ſtill his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him ſhakes,)
Till full before his fearleſs eyes
The portals nine of Hell ariſe.

Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
By the moſſ-grown pile, he ſate;
Where long of yore to ſleep was laid
The duſt of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he traced the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounced, in accents dread,
The thrilling verſe that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breathed a ſullen ſound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms, preſume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled ſprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on theſe mouldering bones have beat
The winter's ſnow, the ſummer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me ſleep again.

Who

Who is he, with voice unbleſs'd,
Calls me from the bed of reſt?

ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's ſon.
Thou the deeds of light ſhalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is ſpread,
Dreſs'd for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet ſee
The pure bev'rage of the bee;
O'er it hangs the ſhield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is given.
Pain can reach the Sons of Heaven!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repoſe.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey.
Propheteſs, ariſe, and ſay,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?

PROPHETESS.

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the Hero's doom;
His brother ſends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I cloſe:
Leave me, leave me to repoſe.

ODIN.

Propheteſs, my ſpell obey,
Once again ariſe, and ſay,
Who th' Avenger of his guilt,
By whom ſhall Hoder's blood be ſpilt?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the weſt,
By Odin's fierce embrace compreſs'd,
A wond'rous boy ſhall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er ſhall comb his raven-hair,
Nor waſh his viſage in the ſtream,
Nor ſee the ſun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corſe ſhall ſmile,
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I cloſe,
Leave me, leave me to repoſe.

ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey;
Propheteſs, awake, and ſay,

What

What Virgins theſe, in ſpeechleſs woe,
That bend to earth their ſolemn brow,
That their flaxen treſſes tear,
And ſnowy veils that float in air.
Tell me whence their ſorrows roſe:
Then I leave thee to repoſe.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no Traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now;
Mightieſt of a mighty line——

ODIN.

No boding Maid of ſkill divine
Art thou, nor Propheteſs of good;
But mother of the giant-brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boaſt at home,
That never ſhall enquirer come
To break my iron ſleep again:
Till Lok * has burſt his ten-fold chain;
Never,

* *Lok* is the Evil Being, who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches; when he ſhall break his bonds; the human race, the ſtars, and ſun, ſhall diſappear; the earth ſink in the ſeas, and fire conſume the ſkies: even Odin himſelf, and his kindred deities, ſhall periſh. For a further explanation of this mythology

Never, till ſubſtantial Night
Has reaſſumed her ancient right;
Till wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

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thology, ſee "Introduction à l'Hiſtoire de Dannemarc, par M. Mallet," 1755, quarto; or rather a tranſlation of it publiſhed in 1770, and entitled, "Northern Antiquities;" in which ſome miſtakes in the original are judiciouſly corrected.

No. XLIV.

THE WITCH OF WOKEY.

DR. HARRINGTON.

Wokey-hole is a noted cavern in Somerſetſhire, which has given birth to as many wild fanciful ſtories as the Sybils Cave, in Italy. Through a very narrow entrance, it opens into a very large vault, the roof whereof, either on account of its height, or the thickneſs of the gloom, cannot be diſcovered by the light of torches. It goes winding a great way under ground, is croſt by a ſtream of very cold water, and is all horrid with broken pieces of rock: many of theſe are evident petrifactions; which, on account of their ſingular forms, have given riſe to the fables alluded to in this poem.

In aunciente days tradition ſhowes
A baſe and wicked elfe aroſe,
The Witch of Wokey hight:
Oft have I heard the fearful tale
From Sue and Roger of the vale,
On ſome long winter's night.

Deep

Deep in the dreary dismal cell,
Which seem'd and was ycleped hell,
This blear-eyed Hag did hide:
Nine wicked elves, as legends sayne,
She chose to form her guardian trayne,
And kennel near her side.

Here screeching owls oft made their nest,
While wolves its craggy sides possest,
Night-howling thro' the rock:
No wholesome herb could here be found:
She blasted every plant around,
And blister'd every flock.

Her haggard face was foul to see;
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to bee;
Her eyne of deadly leer,
She nought devised, but neighbour's ill;
She wreak'd on all her wayward will,
And marr'd all goodly chear.

All in her prime, have poets sung,
No gaudy youth, gallant and young,
E'er blest her longing armes;
And hence arose her spight to vex,
And blast the youth of either sex,
By dint of hellish charms.

From

From Glaſton came a lerned wight,
Full bent to marr her fell deſpight,
And well he did, I ween:
Sich miſchief never had been known,
And, ſince his mickle lerninge ſhown,
Sich miſchief ne'er has been.

He chauntede out his godlie booke,
He croſt the water, bleſt the brooke,
Then—pater noſter done,—
The ghaſtly Hag he ſprinkled o'er;
When lo! where ſtood a hag before,
Now ſtood a ghaſtly ſtone.

Full well 'tis known adown the dale;
Tho' paſſing ſtrange indeed the tale,
And doubtfull may appear,
I'm bold to ſay, there's never a one,
That has not ſeen the witch in ſtone,
With all her houſehold gear.

But tho' this lernede Clerke did well;
With grieved heart, alas! I tell,
She left this curſe behind:
That Wokey-nymphs forſaken quite,
Tho' ſenſe and beauty both unite,
Should find no leman kind.

For lo! even, as the Fiend did ſay,
The ſex have found it to this day,
That men are wondrous ſcant:
Here's beauty, wit, and ſenſe combined,
With all that's good and virtuous join'd,
Yet hardly one gallant.

Shall then ſich maids unpitied moane?
They might as well, like her, be ſtone,
As thus forſaken dwell.
Since Glaſton now can boaſt no clerks;
Come down from Oxenford, ye ſparks,
And, oh! revoke the ſpell.

Yet ſtay—nor thus deſpond, ye fair;
Virtue's the gods' peculiar care;
I hear the gracious voice:
Your ſex ſhall ſoon be bleſt agen,
We only wait to find ſich men,
As beſt deſerve your choice.

No. XLV.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE.

From "Percy's Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry."

PART I.

KING Arthur lives in merry Carleile,
And ſeemely is to ſee;
And there with him Queene Guenever,
That bride ſoe bright of blee.

And there with him Queene Guenever,
That bride ſo bright in bowre:
And all his barons about him ſtoode,
That were both ſtiffe and ſtowre.

The King a royale Chriſtmaſſe kept,
With mirth and princelye cheare;
To him repaired many a knighte,
That came both farre and neare.

And when they were to dinner ſette,
And cups went freely round;
Before them came a fair damſèlle,
And knelt upon the ground.

—"A boone, a boone, O kinge Arthùre,
"I beg a boone of thee;
"Avenge me of a carliſh knighte,
"Who hath ſhent my love and mee.

"At Tearne-Wadling * his caſtle ſtands,
"Near to that lake ſo fair,
"And proudlye riſe the battlements,
"And ſtreamers deck the air.

"Noe gentle knighte, nor ladye gay,
"May paſs that caſtle-walle:
"But from that foule diſcurteous knighte,
"Miſhappe will them befalle.

"Hee's twice the ſize of common men,
"Wi' thewes, and ſinewes ſtronge,
"And on his backe he bears a clubbe,
"That is both thicke and longe.

"This

* Tearne-Wadling is the name of a ſmall lake near Haſketh in Cumberland, on the road from Penrith to Carliſle. There is a tradition, that an old caſtle once ſtood near the lake, the remains of which were not long ſince viſible. Tearn, in the dialect of that country, ſignifies a ſmall lake, and is ſtill in uſe.

" This grimme Barône 'twas our harde happe,
" But yeſter morne to ſee;
" When to his bowre he bare my love,
" And ſore miſuſed mee.

" And when I told him, King Arthûre
" As lyttle ſhold him ſpare;
" Goe tell, ſay'd hee, that cuckold kinge;
" To meete mee if he dare."—

Upp then ſterted King Arthûre,
And ſware by hille and dale,
He ne'er wolde quitt that grimme Barône,
Till he had made him quail.

" Goe fetch my ſword Excalibar;
" Goe ſaddle mee my ſteede;
" Nowe, by my faye, that grimme Barône
" Shall rue this ruthfulle deede.

And when he came to Tearne-Wadlinge,
Benethe the caſtle walle:
" Come forth; come forth; thou proude Barône,
" Or yielde thyſelf my thralle."

On magicke ground that caſtle ſtoode,
And fenced with many a ſpelle:
Noe valiant knight could tread thereon,
But ſtraite his courage felle.

Forth

Forth then ruſh'd that carliſh Knight,
King Arthùre felte the charm:
His ſturdy ſinewes loſt their ſtrengthe,
Downe ſunke his feeble arme.

—"Nowe yield thee, yield thee, King Arthùre,
"Now yield thee unto mee;
"Or fighte with mee, or loſe thy lande,
"Noe better terms maye bee.

"Unleſs thou ſweare upon the rood,
"And promiſe on thy faye,
"Here to returne to Tearne-Wadling,
"Upon the new-yeare's daye;

"And bringe me worde what thing it is
"All women moſt deſyre;
"This is thy ranſome, Arthur," he ſayes,
"Ile have no other hyre."—

King Arthur then helde up his hande,
And ſware upon his faye,
Then took his leave of the grimme Barone
And faſte hee rode awaye.

And he rode eaſt, and he rode weſt,
And did of all inquyre,
What thing it is all women crave,
And what they moſt deſyre.

Some

Some told him riches, pompe, or ſtate;
Some rayment fine and brighte;
Some told him mirthe; ſome flatterye;
And ſome a jollye knighte.

In letters all King Arthur wrote,
And ſeal'd them with his ringe:
But ſtill his minde was helde in doubte,
Each tolde a different thinge.

As ruthfulle he rode over a more,
He ſaw a Ladye ſette
Betweene an oke, and a greene holléye,
All clad in red ſcarlette.

Her noſe was crookt and turnd outwàrde,
Her chin ſtoode all awrye;
And where as ſholde have been her mouthe,
Lo! there was ſet her eye:

Her haires, like ſerpents, clung aboute
Her cheeks of deadlye hewe:
A worſe-form'd ladye than ſhe was,
No man mote ever viewe.

To hail the King in ſeemelye ſorte
This ladye was fulle faine;
But King Arthùre all ſore amaz'd,
No aunſwere made againe.

—"What

—"What wight art thou," the Ladye ſay'd,
"That wilt not ſpeake to mee;
"Sir, I may chance to eaſe thy paine,
"Though I bee foule to ſee.

—"If thou wilt eaſe my paine," he ſayd,
"And helpe me in my neede;
"Aſk what thou wilt, thou grimme Ladyè,
"And it ſhall bee thy meede."—

—"O ſweare mee this upon the roode,
"And promiſe on thy faye;
"And here the ſecrette I will telle,
"That ſhall thy ranſome paye."—

King Arthur promiſed on his faye,
And ſware upon the roode:
The ſecrette then the Ladye told,
As lightlye well ſhe cou'de.

—"Now this ſhall be my paye," ſir King,
"And this my guerdon bee,
"That ſome yong fair and courtlye knight,
"Thou bringe to marrye mee."—

Faſt then pricked King Arthùre
Ore hille, and dale, and downe:
And ſoone he founde the Barone's bowre,
And ſoone the grimme Baroùne,

He

He bare his clubbe upon his backe,
Hee ſtoode bothe ſtiffe and ſtronge;
And, when he had the letters reade,
Awaye the letters ſlunge.

—"Nowe yielde thee, Arthur, and thy lands,
"All forfeit unto mee;
"For this is not thy paye, ſir King,
"Nor may thy ranſome bee."—

—"Yet hold thy hand, thou proud Barone,
"I praye thee hold thy hand;
"And give mee leave to ſpeake once more
"In reſkewe of my land.

"This morne, as I came over a more,
"I ſaw a Ladye ſette
"Betwene an oke, and a greene hollèye,
"All clad in red ſcarlètte;

"She ſayes, all women will have their wille,
"This is their chief deſyre;
"Now yield, as thou art a Barone true,
"That I have payd mine hyre."

—"An earlye vengeance light on her!"
The carliſh Baron ſwore:
"Shee was my ſiſter tolde thee this,
"And ſhee's a miſshapen whore.

"But

" But here I will make mine avowe,
" To do her as ill a turne:
" For an ever I may that foule theefe gette,
" In a fyre I will her burne."—

PART II.

Homewarde pricked King Arthùre,
And a wearye man was hee;
And ſoone he mette Queene Guenever,
That bride ſo bright of blee.

—" What newes! what newes! thou noble King,
" Howe, Arthur, haſt thou ſped?
" Where haſt thou hung the carliſh Knighte?
" And where beſtow'd his head?"—

—" The carliſh Knight is ſafe for mee,
" And free fro mortal harme:
" On magicke grounde his caſtle ſtands,
" And fenced with many a charme.

" To

"To bowe to him I was fulle faine,
"And yielde mee to his hand;
"And but for a lothly Ladye, there
"I ſholde have loſt my land.

"And nowe this fills my hearte with woe,
"And ſorrowe of my life;
"I ſwore a yonge and courtlye knight,
"Sholde marry her to his wife."—

Then beſpake him Sir Gawàine,
That was ever a gentle knighte:
—"That lothly Ladye I will wed;
"Therefore be merrye and lighte."—

—"Nowe naye, nowe naye, good Sir Gawaine;
"My ſiſter's ſonne yee bee;
"This lothlye Ladye's all too grimme,
"And too foule for yee.

"Her nofe is crookt, and turn'd outwàrde;
"Her chin ſtands all awrye;
"A worſe form'd ladye than ſhee is
"Was never ſeen with eye."—

—"What though her chin ſtand all awrye,
"And ſhee be foule to ſee:
"I'll marry her, unkle, for thy ſake,
"And I'll thy ranſome bee."—

—"Nowe

—"Now thankes, nowe thankes, good Sir Gawàine;
"And a bleſſing thee betyde!
"To-morrow wee'll have knights and ſquires,
"And wee'll goe fetch thy bride.

"And wee'll have hawkes, and wee'll have houndes,
"To cover our intent;
"And wee'll away to the greene forèſt,
"As wee a hunting went."—

Sir Lancelot, Sir Stephen bolde,
They rode with them that daye;
And foremoſte of the companye
There rode the ſtewarde Kaye:

Soe did Sir Banier and Sir Bore,
And eke Sir Garratte keene;
Sir Triſtram too, that gentle knight,
To the foreſt freſhe and greene.

And when they came to the greene forrèst,
Beneathe a faire holley tree,
There ſate that Ladye in red ſcarlètte
That unſeemelye was to ſee.

Sir Kay beheld that Lady's face,
And looked upon her ſweere;
—"Whoever kiſſes that Ladye," he ſayes,
"Of his kiſſe he ſtands in feare."—

Sir Kay beheld that Ladye againe,
And looked upon her ſnout;
—"Whoever kiſſes that Ladye," he ſayes,
"Of his kiſſe he ſtands in doubt."—

—"Peace, brother Kay," ſayde Sir Gawàine,
"And amend thee of thy life;
"For there is a Knight amongſt us all,
"Muſt marry her to his wife."—

—"What, marry this foule queane," quoth Kay,
"I' the devil's name anone;
"Gett mee a wife wherever I maye,
"In ſooth ſhee ſhall be none."—

Then ſome tooke up their hawkes in haſte,
And ſome tooke up their houndes;
And ſayd they wolde not marry her,
For cities, nor for townes.

Then beſpake him King Arthùre,
And ſware there by this daye;
—"For a little foule ſighte and miſſlikinge,
"Yee ſhall not ſay her naye."—

—"Peace, Lordings, peace;" Sir Gawaine ſayd;
"Nor make debate and ſtrife;
"This lothlye Ladye I will take,
"And marry her to my wife."—

—"Nowe

—"Nowe thankes, nowe thankes, good Sir Gawaine,
"And a bleſſinge be thy meede!
"For as I am thine owne ladyè,
"Thou never ſhalt rue this deede."—

Then up they took that lothly Dame,
And home anone they bringe:
And there Sir Gawaine he her wed,
And married her with a ringe.

And when they were in wed-bed laid,
And all were done awaye:
—"Come turne to mee, mine owne wed-lord,
"Come turne to mee I praye."—

Sir Gawaine ſcant could lift his head,
For ſorrowe and for care;
When, lo! inſtead of that lothelye Dame,
Hee ſawe a young Ladye faire.

Sweet bluſhes ſtayn'd her rud-red cheeke,
Her eyen were blacke as ſloe:
The ripening cherrye ſwellde her lippe,
And all her neck was ſnowe.

Sir Gawaine kiſs'd that Lady faire,
Lying upon the ſheete:
And ſwore, as he was a true Knighte,
The ſpice was never ſoe ſweete.

Sir Gawaine kiſs'd that Lady brighte,
Lying there by his ſide:
—"The faireſt flower is not ſoe faine:
"Thou never can'ſt bee my bride."—

—"I am thy bride, mine owne deare Lorde,
"The ſame whiche thou didſt knowe,
"That was ſoe lothlye, and was wont
"Upon the wild more to goe.

"Nowe, gentle Gawaine, chuſe," quoth ſhee,
"And make thy choice with care;
"Whether by night, or elſe by daye,
"Shall I be foule or faire?"—

—"To have thee foule ſtill in the night,
"When I with thee ſhould playe!
"I had rather farre, my lady deare,
"To have thee foule by daye."—

—"What, when gaye ladyes goe with their lordes
"To drinke the ale and wine;
"Alas! then I muſt hide myſelf,
"I muſt not goe with mine?"—

—"My faire ladyè," Sir Gawaine ſayd,
"I yield me to thy ſkille;
"Becauſe thou art mine owne ladyè
"Thou ſhalt have all thy wille."

—"Nowe

—" Nowe bleſſed be thou, ſweete Gawàine,
" And the daye that I thee ſee;
" For as thou ſeeſt mee at this time,
" Soe ſhall I ever bee.

" My father was an aged knighte,
" And yet it chanced ſoe,
" He tooke to wife a falſe ladyè,
" Whiche broughte me to this woe.

" Shee witch'd mee, being a faire yonge maide,
" In the greene forèſt to dwelle;
" And there to abyde in lothlye ſhape,
" Moſt like a fiend of helle.

" Midſt mores, and moſſes; woods, and wilds;
" To lead a loneſome life:
" Till ſome yong faire and courtlye knighte
" Wolde marrye me to his wife:

" Nor fully to gaine mine owne trewe ſhape,
" Such was her deviliſh ſkille;
" Until he wolde yielde to be ruled by mee,
" And let mee have all my wille.

" She witchd my brother to a carliſh boore,
" And made him ſtiffe and ſtronge:
" And built him a bowre on magicke grounde,
" To live by rapine and wronge.

" But

" But now the ſpelle is broken throughe,
" And wronge is turnde to righte;
" Henceforth I ſhall be a faire ladyè,
" And hee be a gentle knighte."—

No. XLVI.

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

From "Percy's Reliques of Ancient Englifh Poetry."

On Trinitye Mondaye in the morne,
This fore battayle was doom'd to bee;
Where manye a knighte cried—"Well-awaye!"—
Alacke, it was the more pittie.

Ere the firft crowinge of the cocke,
When as the Kinge in his bed laye,
He thoughte Sir Gawaine to him came,*
And there to him thefe wordes did faye.

—"Nowe, as you are mine unkle deare,
"And as you prize your life, this daye
"O meet not with your foe in fighte:
"Putt off the battayle, if yee maye;

"For

* Sir Gawaine had been killed at Arthur's landing, on his return from abroad.

" For Sir Launcelot is nowe in Fraunce,
" And with him many an hardye knighte ;
" Who will within this moneth be backe,
" And will aſſiſte yee in the fighte."—

The Kinge then call'd his nobles all,
Before the breakinge of the daye ;
And told them howe Sir Gawaine came,
And there to him theſe wordes did ſaye.

His nobles all this counſayle gave,
That earlye in the morning, hee
Shold ſend awaye an herauld at armes,
To aſke a parley faire and free.

Then twelve good knightes King Arthure choſe,
The beſt of all that with him were :
To parley with the foe in fielde,
And make with him agreement faire.

The King he charged all his hoſte,
In readineſs there for to bee :
But noe man ſholde noe weapon ſturre,
Unleſſe a ſword drawne they ſhold ſee.

And Mordred on the other parte,
Twelve of his knights did likewiſe bringe ;
The beſte of all his companye,
To hold the parley with the Kinge.

Sir Mordred alſoe charged his hoſte,
In readineſſe there for to bee;
But noe man ſholde noe weapon ſturre,
But if a ſworde drawne they ſhold ſee:

For he durſte not his unkle truſte,
Nor he his nephewe, ſothe to tell:
Alacke; it was a woefulle caſe,
As ere in Chriſtentye befelle.

But when they were together mette,
And both to faire accordance broughte;
And a month's league betweene them ſette,
Before the battayle ſholde be foughte;

An addere crept forth of a buſhe,
Stunge one o' th' King's knightes on the knee;
Alacke! it was a woefulle chance,
As ever was in Chriſtentie.

When the Knighte found him wounded ſore,
And ſawe the wild-worme hanginge there;
His ſworde he from his ſcabberde drewe:
A piteous caſe as ye ſhall heare.

For when the two hoſtes ſawe the ſworde
They joyned battayle inſtantlye;
Till of ſoe many noble knightes,
On one ſide there were left but three.

For all were ſlain that durſt abide,
And but ſome fewe that fled awaye:
Ay mee! it was a bloodye fielde,
As ere was foughte on ſummer's daye.

Upon King Arthur's own partyè,
Onlye himſelfe eſcaped there,
And Lukyn Duke of Gloſter free,
And the King's butler Bedevere.

And when the King beheld his knightes,
All dead and ſcattered on the molde;
The teares faſt trickled downe his face;
That manlye face in fight ſo bolde.

—"Now reſte yee all, brave knights, he ſaid,
"Soe true and faithful to your truſt:
"And muſt yee then, ye valiant hearts,
"Be lefte to moulder into duſt!

"Moſt loyal have yee been to mee,
"Moſt true and faithful unto deathe:
"And, oh! to raiſe yee up againe,
"How freelye could I yield my breathe!

"But ſee the traitor's yet alive,
"Lo where hee ſtalkes among the deade!
"Now bitterlye he ſhall abye:
"And vengeance fall upon his head.

"O ſtaye,

" O ſtaye, my liege," then ſayd the Duke;
" O ſtaye for love and charitie;
" Remember what the viſion ſpake,
" Nor meete your foe, if it may bee.

" O, ſtaye mee not, thou worthye wight,
" This deb my loyal knights I owe:
" Betide me life, betide me death,
" I will avenge them of their foe."—

Then ſtraite he graſp'd his truſtye ſpeare,
And on his horſe then mounted hee:
As his butler holpe him to his horſe,
Hie bowels guſhed to his knee.

—" Alas! then ſayd the noble King,
" That I ſhould live this ſight to ſee!
" To ſee this good knight here be ſlaine,
" All for his love in helping mee!"—

He put his ſpeare into his reſte,
And to Sir Mordred loud gan crye;
—" Nowe ſette thyſelf upon thy guarde,
" For, traitor, nowe thy death is nye."—

Sir Mordred lifted up his ſworde,
And fierce to meet the King ran hee:
The King his ſpeare he through him thruſt:
A fathom thorow his bodie.

When

When Mordered felt the ſtroke of death,
And found that he was wounded ſoe;
He thruſte himſelfe upon the ſpeare,
And ſtrucke the King a deadlye blowe.

Then grimmlye dyed Sir Mordered,
Preſentlye upon that tree:
And bloody ſtreames ranne from the Kinge
Ere to the Duke returned hee.

Sir Lukyn then he thus beſpake,
—"Sir Knighte, thou haſt beene faithfulle tryde,
"Nowe take my ſword Excalibar,*
"That hangs ſo freelye by my ſyde:

"O take my ſword Excalibar,
"And there into the river throwe:
"For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,
"All uſe of weapons I foregoe.

"And fare thee well, thou truſtye ſword,
"A better neer had valiant knighte,
"With thee full ofte, and manye a daye,
"Have I withſtood my foe in fighte.

"With this good fauchion in my hande,
"Oft have I reapd the bloody feelde:
"But nowe the fatalle houre is come,
"That never more I may thee weelde."—

The

* More commonly called, Caliburn.

The Duke to the river ſide he went,
And there his owne ſword in threwe he;
But he kept back Excalibar,
He kept it back in privitie.

For all of coleyne was the blade;
And all the hilte of precious ſtone:
—"And ever alacke!" then ſayd the Knighte,
"Muſt ſuch a ſword awaye be throwne?"

Then backe he came unto the Kinge,
Who ſayd,—"Sir Lukyn, what did yee ſee?"—
—"Nothing, my liege, ſave that the winde
"Blewe o'er the waters faire and free.—

—"O goe againe," then ſaid the Kinge,
"O good Sir Lukyn, goe againe:
"Into the rivere throwe my ſword,
"Nor keepe me lingering here in paine."—

The Duke then to the river went,
And the King's ſcabberd in threwe hee;
But hee kept backe Excalibar,
And hid it undernethe a tree.

Then backe he came to tell the Kinge,
Who ſayde,—"Sir Lukyn ſawe ye oughte?"—
—"Nothinge, my liege, ſave that the winde
Nowe with the angrye waters fought."—

—"O

—" O Lukyn, Lukyn," ſaid the Kinge,
" Twice haſte thou dealt deceytfullye:
" Alacke, whom may wee ever truſte,
" When ſuche a Knight ſoe falſe can bee?

" Saye, would'ſt thou have thy maſter dead;
" All for a ſword, that wins thine eye:
" Nowe goe againe, and throwe it in,
" Or here the one of us ſhall dye."—

The Duke, all ſhent with this rebuke,
No aunſwere made unto the Kinge:
But to the rivere tooke the ſworde,
And threwe it far as he coulde flinge.

A hande and an arme did meete the ſworde,
And flouriſhd three times in the air;
Then ſunke benethe the renninge ſtreme,
And of the Duke was ſeene noe mair.

All ſore aſtonied ſtood the Duke;
He ſtood as ſtill, as ſtill mote bee:
Then haſtend backe to telle the Kinge;
But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he cold not tell,
For never after hee did him ſpye:
But hee ſawe a barge goe from the land,
And hee heard ladyes howle and crye.

And whether the Kinge were there, or not,
Hee never knewe, nor ever colde:
For from that ſad and direfulle daye,
Hee never more was ſeene on molde.

No. XLVII.

FAIR MARGARET

AND

SWEET WILLIAM.

From "Percy's Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry."

As it fell out on a long ſummer's day
Two lovers they ſat on a hill;
They ſat together that long ſummer's day,
And could not talk their fill.

—"I ſee no harm by you, Margarèt,
"And you ſee none by mee;
"Before to-morrow at eight o' the clock
"A rich wedding you ſhall ſee."—

Fair Margaret ſat in her bower-windòw,
Combing her yellow hair;
There ſhe ſpyed Sweet William and his bride,
As they were a riding near.

Then

Then down ſhe layd her ivory combe,
And braided her hair in twain:
She went alive out of her bower,
But ne'er came alive in't again.

When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men faſt aſleep,
Then came the ſpirit of Fair Marg'ret,
And ſtood at William's feet.

—"Are you awake, Sweet William?" ſhee ſaid;
"Or, Sweet William, are you aſleep?
"God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,
"And me of my winding ſheet."—

When day was come, and night was gone,
And all men wak'd from ſleep,
Sweet William to his lady ſayd,
—"My dear, I have cauſe to weep;

"I dreamt a dream, my dear ladyè,
"Such dreames are never good:
"I dreamt my bower was full of red wine,
"And my bride-bed full of blood."—

—"Such dreams, ſuch dreams, my honoured Sir,
"They never do prove good;
"To dream thy bower was full of red wine,
"And thy bride-bed full of blood."—

He called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three;
Saying,—"I'll away to Fair Marg'ret's bower,
"By the leave of my ladiè."—

And when he came to Fair Marg'ret's bower,
He knocked at the ring;
And who ſo ready as her ſeven brethrèn
To let Sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-ſheet,
—"Pray let me ſee the dead;
"Methinks ſhe looks all pale and wan,
"She hath loſt her cherry red.

"I'll do more for thee, Margarèt,
"Than any of thy kin;
"For I will kiſs thy pale wan lips,
"Though a ſmile I cannot win."—

With that beſpake the ſeven brethrèn,
Making moſt piteous mone:
—"You may go kiſs your jolly brown bride,
"And let our ſiſter alone."—

"If I do kiſs my jolly brown bride,
"I do but what is right;
"I neer made a vow to yonder poor corpſe
"By day, nor yet by night.

"Deal

" Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,
" Deal on your cake and your wine : *
" For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,
" Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine."—

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day,
Sweet William dyed the morrow :
Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,
Sweet William dyed for ſorrow.

Margaret was buryed in the lower chancel,
And William in the higher :
Out of her breſt there ſprang a roſe,
And out of his a briar.

They grew till they grew unto the church-top,
And then they could grow no higher ;
And there they tyed in a true lovers knot,
Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the pariſh,
As you the truth ſhall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
Or they had now been there.

* Alluding to the dole anciently given at funerals.

No. XLVIII.

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

From Allan Ramſay's "Tea-table Miſcellany."

THERE came a Ghoſt to Margaret's door,
With many a grievous grone,
And ay he tirled at the pin;
But anſwer made ſhe none.

—"Is this my father Philip?
"Or is't my brother John?
"Or is't my true love Willie,
"From Scotland new come home."—

—"'Tis not thy father Philip;
"Nor yet thy brother John:
"But 'tis thy true love Willie
"From Scotland new come home.

"O ſweet

" O ſweet Margret! O dear Margret!
" I pray thee ſpeak to mee:
" Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
" As I gave it to thee."—

—" Thy faith and troth thou'ſe nevir get,
" Of me ſhalt nevir win,
" Till that thou come within my bower,
" And kiſs my cheek and chin."—

—" If I ſhould come within thy bower,
" I am no earthly man:
" And ſhould I kiſs thy roſy lipp,
" Thy days will not be lang.

" O ſweet Margret, O dear Margret,
" I pray thee ſpeak to mee:
" Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
" As I gave it to thee."—

" Thy faith and troth thou'ſe nevir get,
" Of me ſhalt nevir win,
" Till thou take me to yon kirk yard,
" And wed me with a ring."—

" My bones are buried in a kirk yard
" Afar beyond the ſea,
" And it is but my ſprite, Margret,
" That's ſpeaking now to thee."—

She ſtretched out her lilly-white hand,
As for to do her beſt:
—"Hae there your faith and troth, Willie,
"God ſend your ſoul good reſt."—

Now ſhe has kilted her robes of green,
A piece below her knee:
And a' the live-lang winter night
The dead corpſe followed ſhee.

—"Is there any room at your head, Willie?
"Or any room at your feet?
"Or any room at your ſide, Willie,
"Wherein that I may creep?"—

—"There's nae room at my head, Margret,
"There's nae room at my feet,
"There's no room at my ſide, Margret,
"My coffin is made ſo meet."—

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the gray:
—"'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Margret,
"That I were gane away."—

No more the Ghoſt to Margret ſaid,
But, with a grievous grone,
Evaniſh'd in a cloud of miſt,
And left her all alone.

—" O ſtay, my only true love, ſtay,"—
The conſtant Margret cried:
Wan grew her cheeks, ſhe clos'd her een,
Stretch'd her ſaft limbs, and died.

No. XLIX.

THE BOY AND THE MANTLE.

From "Percy's Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry."

In Carleile dwelt King Arthur,
A prince of paſſing might;
And there maintain'd his table round,
Beſet with many a knight.

And there he kept his Chriſtmas
With mirth and princely cheare,
When, lo! a ſtraunge and cunning boy
Before him did appeare.

A kirtle, and a mantle,
This boy had him upon,
With brooches, rings, and owches,
Full daintily bedone.

He had a ſarke of ſilk
About his middle meet;
And thus, with ſeemely curteſy,
He did King Arthur greet.

 —"God

—" God ſpeed thee, brave King Arthur,
" Thus feaſting in thy bowre;
" And Guenever thy goodly Queen,
" That fair and peerleſſe flowre.

" Ye gallant Lords, and Lordings,
" I wiſh you all take heed,
" Leſt, what ye deem a blooming roſe
" Should prove a cankred weed."—

Then ſtraitway from his boſome
A little wand he drew;
And with it eke a mantle
Of wondrous ſhape, and hew.

—" Now have thou here, King Arthur,
" Have this here of mee,
" And give unto thy comely Queen,
" All-ſhapen as you ſee.

" No wife it ſhall become,
" That once hath been to blame."—
Then every Knight in Arthur's court
Slye glaunced at his dame.

And firſt came lady Guenever,
The mantle ſhe muſt trye.
This dame, ſhe was new-fangled,
And of a roving eye.

When

When ſhe had tane the mantle,
And all was with it cladde,
From top to toe it ſhiver'd down,
As tho' with ſheers beſhradde.

One while it was too long,
Another while too ſhort,
And wrinkled on her ſhoulders
In moſt unſeemly ſort.

Now green, now red it ſeemed,
Then all of ſable hue.
—" Beſhrew me," quoth King Arthur,
" I think thou beeſt not true."—

Down ſhe threw the mantle,
Ne longer would not ſtay;
But ſtorming like a fury,
To her chamber flung away.

She curſt the whoreſon weaver,
That had the mantle wrought:
And doubly curſt the froward impe,
Who thither it had brought.

—" I had rather live in deſarts
" Beneath the green-wood tree,
" Than here, baſe King, among thy groomes,
" The ſport of them and thee."—

Sir Kay call'd forth his Lady,
And bade her to come near.
—" Yet dame, if thou be guilty,
" I pray thee now forbear."—

This lady pertly gigling,
With forward ſtep came on,
And boldly to the little boy
With fearleſs face is gone.

When ſhe had tane the mantle,
With purpoſe for to wear:
It ſhrunk up to her ſhoulder,
And left her b—ſide bare.

Then every merry knight,
That was in Arthur's court,
Gibed, and laught, and flouted,
To ſee that pleaſant ſport.

Downe ſhe threw the mantle,
No longer bold or gay,
But with a face all pale and wan,
To her chamber ſlunk away.

Then forth came an old knight,
A pattering o'er his creed;
And proffer'd to the little boy
Five nobles to his meed;

—" And

—" And all the time of Chriſtmaſs
" Plumb-porridge ſhall be thine,
" If thou wilt let my lady fair
" Within the mantle ſhine."—

A ſaint his lady ſeemed,
With ſtep demure, and ſlow,
And gravely to the mantle
With mincing pace doth goe.

When ſhe the ſame had taken,
That was ſo fine and thin,
It ſhrivell'd all about her,
And ſhow'd her dainty ſkin.

Ah! little did HER mincing,
Or HIS long prayers beſtead;
She had no more hung on her
Than a taſſel and a thread.

Down ſhe threwe the mantle,
With terror and diſmay,
And, with a face of ſcarlet,
To her chamber hyed away.

Sir Cradock call'd his lady,
And bade her to come neare:
—" Come win this mantle, lady,
" And do me credit here.

" Come

" Come win this mantle, lady,
" For now it ſhall be thine,
" If thou haſt never done amiſs,
" Sith firſt I made thee mine."—

The lady gently bluſhing,
With modeſt grace came on,
And now to trye the wond'rous charm
Courageouſly is gone.

When ſhe had tane the mantle,
And put it on her backe,
About the hem it ſeemed
To wrinkle and to cracke.

—" Lye ſtill, ſhe cried, O mantle!
" And ſhame me not for nought,
" I'll freely own whate'er amiſs,
" Or blameful I have wrought.

" Once I kiſt Sir Cradocke
" Beneathe the green wood tree:
" Once I kiſt Sir Cradocke's mouth
" Before he married mee."—

When thus ſhe had her ſhriven,
And her worſt fault had told,
The mantle ſoon became her.
Right comely as it ſhold.

Moſt

Moſt rich and fair of colour,
Like gold it glittering ſhone:
And much the knights in Arthur's court
Admir'd her every one.

Then towards King Arthur's table
The boy he turn'd his eye:
Where ſtood a boar's head garniſhed
With bayes and roſemarye.

When thrice he o'er the boar's head
His little wand had drawne,
Quoth he,—"There's never a cuckold's knife
"Can carve this head of brawne."—

Then ſome their whittles rubb'd
On whetſtone, and on hone:
Some threwe them under the table,
And ſwore that they had none.

Sir Cradock had a little knife
Of ſteel and iron made;
And in an inſtant through the ſkull
He thruſt the ſhining blade.

He thruſt the ſhining blade
Full eaſily and faſt;
And every knight in Arthur's court
A morſel had to taſte.

The

The boy brought forth a horne,
All golden was the rim:
Said he,—" No cuckolde ever can
" Set mouth unto the brim.

" No cukold can this little horne
" Lift fairly to his head;
" But or on this, or that ſide,
" He ſhall the liquor ſhed."—

Some ſhed it on their ſhoulder,
Some ſhed it on their thigh;
And hee that could not hit his mouth,
Was ſure to hit his eye.

Thus he that was a cuckold,
Was known of every man;
But Cradock lifted eaſily,
And wan the golden can.

Thus boar's head, horn, and mantle,
Were this fair couple's meed:
And all ſuch conſtant lovers,
God ſend them well to ſpeed.

Then down in rage came Guenever,
And thus could ſpightful ſay,
—" Sir Cradock's wife moſt wrongfully
" Hath borne the prize away.

" See

"See yonder ſhameleſs woman,
"That makes herſelfe ſo clean:
"Yet from her pillow taken
"Thrice five gallants have been.

"Prieſts, clarkes, and wedded men
"Have her lewd pillow preſt:
"Yet ſhe the wonderous prize forſooth
"Muſt beare from all the reſt."—

Then beſpake the little boy,
Who had the ſame in hold:
—"Chaſtize thy wife, King Arthur,
"Of ſpeech ſhe is too bold:

"Of ſpeech ſhe is too bold,
"Of carriage all too free;
"Sir King, ſhe hath within thy hall
"A cuckold made of thee.

"All frolick light and wanton
"She hath her carriage borne:
"And given thee for a kingly crown
"To wear a cuckold's horne."—

No. L.

ST. PATRICK'S PURGATORY.

In the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, *is the following*——
" Owaine Myles *is a Ballad, giving an account of the wonders of St. Patrick's Purgatory. This is a tranſlation into verſe of the ſtory related in* Mat. Paris's Hiſt. ſub Ann. 1152..'—*The verſion which is here offered to the Public is evidently modern: I am ignorant of the Author. I think the* 19*th ſtanza, in particular, has a great degree of merit.*

—" Now enter in!"—the Prior cried,
—" And God, Sir Ouvain, be your guide!
" Your name ſhall live in ſtory:
" Many there are who rich this ſhore,
" But few who venture to explore
" St. Patrick's Purgatory."—

Adown

Adown the deep and dark deſcent
With cautious ſtep Sir Ouvain went,
And many a pray'r he pour'd;
No helm had he, nor guardian creſt,
No hauberk mail'd the warrior's breaſt,
Nor graſp'd he ſhield or ſword.

The earth was moiſt beneath his tread,
The damps fell heavy on his head,
The air was piercing chill;
And ſudden ſhudd'rings o'er him came,
And he could feel through all his frame
An icy tremor thrill.

At length a dim and doubtful light
Dawn'd welcome on th' advent'rer's ſight;
Th' adventrer haſten'd on.
And now the warrior's ſteps attain
To where a high and ſtately fane
With gem-born radiance ſhone.

—" Come, enter here!"—the Warden cried,
—" And God, oh Pilgrim, be your guide,
" Since you have reach'd this bourne!
" Enter, and take aſſiſtance due—
" 'Twill then be time to welcome you,
" If ever you return."—

Sir Ouvain paſs'd the open gate,
The Warden him conducted ſtraight
To where a coffin lay:
The train around in ſilence ſtands,
With fun'ral torches in their hands,
That gave a gloomy day.

—"Few pilgrims ever reach this bourne,
"Stranger! but fewer ſtill return:
"Receive aſſiſtance due!
"Stranger, a dreadful hour is near:
"Caſt off all mortal feelings here,
"This coffin is for you.

"Lie here, while we with pious breath
"Shall o'er you chaunt the dirge of death,—
"Beſt aid that we can give:
"The rites that wait the Chriſtian dead
"Shall never o'er your corpſe be ſaid—
"Receive them while you live."—

Sir Ouvain in a ſhroud was dreſt,
He held the croſs upon his breaſt,
And down he laid his head;
The funeral train enclos'd him round,
And ſung with deep and ſolemn ſound
The ſervice of the dead.

—"Now,

—"Now, go your way,"—the Warden cried,
"And God, oh Pilgrim, be your guide!
"Commend you to the Lord!"—
Adown the deep and dark deſcent,
With cautious ſtep, the warrior went,
And many a pray'r he pour'd.

Now deeper grew the dark deſcent,
With timid ſtep Sir Ouvain went—
'Twas ſilence all around;
Save his own echoes through the cell,
And the thick damps that frequent fell,
With dull and heavy ſound.

But colder now he felt the cell,
Thoſe heavy damps no longer fell,
Thin grew the piercing air:
And on the advent'rer's aching ſight
Far roſe a pale and feeble light,—
Th' advent'rer haſten'd there.

And now at length emerged to light,
A frozen deſart met his ſight,
A deſart waſte and wide;
Where rocks of ice piled mountain high,
That towered into the ſunleſs ſky,
Appear'd on every ſide.

There many a wretch, with deadly fear,
Ribb'd in the ice, he ſaw appear
  Alive in this their tomb;
Sir Ouvain's blood ſtood ſtill with dread,
And then a voice in thunder ſaid,
  —" Retire, or ſhare their doom!"—

Awhile his heart forgot to beat,
Then on he urged his falt'ring feet,
  And ſought for ſtrength in pray'r;
Sudden, a pow'r, whoſe unſeen hand
No might of mortal could withſtand,
  Upgraſp'd him by the hair;

And through the ſky reſiſtleſs ſwung,
And full againſt an ice-rock flung;
  The ice encas'd him in:
Thus by the arm of Dæmon thrown,
He felt the craſh of every bone,
  And ſtill he lived within.

—" Now, mercy Chriſt!"—the warrior cried,
Inſtant the rocks of ice divide,
  And ev'ry pain was gone;
He felt new life in ev'ry limb,
And raiſed to heav'n the grateful hymn,
  And fearleſs haſten'd on.

New

New fears, new dangers doom'd to meet,
For now a cloſe and piercing heat
Relax'd each looſen'd limb;
The ſweat roll'd out from every part,
In ſhort quick beatings toil'd his heart,
His throbbing eyes grew dim.

For through the wide and waſted land
A ſtream of fire, through banks of ſand,
Its burning billows ſpread;
The vapours, tremulouſly light,
Hung quiv'ring o'er the glowing white,
The air he breath'd was red.

Beyond a ſtately well aroſe,—
He ſaw its cryſtal ſides diſcloſe
Green fields and ſhady trees,
And running waters cool and clear,
Whoſe murmurs reach'd his tortured ear,
Born on the fiery breeze.

A voice in thunder cried—"Retire!"—
He look'd, and lo, a form of fire!
—"Return!"—the Dæmon ſaid.
His ſoul grew ſick with deep alarm,
The Fiend reach'd out his burning arm,
And touch'd Sir Ouvain's head.

Sir Ouvain ſhriek'd—for then he felt
His eye-balls burn, his marrow melt,
  His brain as liquid lead:
And from his heart the boiling blood
Roll'd faſt an agonizing flood
  Through limbs like iron red.

The anguiſh brought a brief deſpair,
Then mindful of the aid of pray'r,
  He call'd on Chriſt again;
Inſtant the gales of Eden came,
At once they quench'd th' infernal flame,
  And heal'd each ſcorching vein.

To him, relieved from all his woes,
The adamantine gates uncloſe,
  Free entrance there was giv'n;
And ſongs of triumph met his ear,
Enrapt Sir Ouvain ſeem'd to hear
  The harmonies of heav'n.

—"Welcome to this, the bleſs'd retreat,
"Thou who haſt paſs'd, with fearleſs feet,
  "St. Patrick's Purgatory;
"For after death theſe ſeats divine,
"Reward eternal ſhall be thine,
  "And thine eternal glory."—

Inebriate

Inebriate with the deep delight,
Dim grew Sir Ouvain's ſwimming ſight,
His ſenſes died away;
To life again revived, before
The entrance of the cave once more
He ſaw the light of day.

No. LI.

THE CINDER KING.

The following was ſent anonymouſly; the Reader will of courſe obſerve, that it is a burleſque imitation of the ballads of "the Erl-King," *and* "the Cloud-King."—

"WHO is it that ſits in the kitchen, and weeps,
"While tick goes the clock, and the tabby-cat ſleeps;
"That watches the grate, without ceaſing to ſpy,
"Whether purſes or coffins will out of it fly?"—

'Tis Betty; who ſaw the falſe tailor, Bob Scott,
Lead a bride to the altar; which bride ſhe was not:
'Tis Betty; determined, love from her to fling,
And woo, for his riches, the dark Cinder-King.

Now ſpent tallow-candle-greaſe fatten'd the ſoil,
And the blue-burning lamp had half waſted its oil,
And the black-beetle boldly came crawling from far,
And the red coals were ſinking beneath the third bar;

When

When "one" ſtruck the clock——and inſtead of the bird
Who uſed to ſing cuckoo whene'er the clock ſtirr'd,
Out burſt a grim raven, and utter'd "caw! caw!"
While puſs, though ſhe 'woke, durſt not put forth a claw.

Then the jack fell a-going as if one ſhould ſup,
Then the hearth rock'd as though it would ſwallow one up;
With fuel from hell, a ſtrange coal-ſkuttle came,
And a ſelf-handled poker made fearful the flame.

A cinder ſhot from it, of ſize to amaze,
(With a bounce, ſuch as Betty ne'er heard in her days,)
Thrice, ſerpent-like, hiſs'd, as its heat fled away,
And lo! ſomething dark in a vaſt coffin lay.

—"Come Betty!"—quoth croaking that non-deſcript thing,
—"Come bleſs the fond arms of your true Cinder-king!
"Three more Kings, my brothers, are waiting to greet ye,
"Who,—don't take it ill!—muſt at four o'clock eat ye.

"My darling! it muſt be, do make up your mind;
"We element brothers, united, and kind,
"Have a feaſt and a wedding, each night of our lives,
"So conſtantly ſup on each other's new wives."—

In vain ſquall'd the cook-maid, and pray'd not to wed;
Cinder craunch'd in her mouth, cinder rain'd on her
head,
She ſank in the coffin with cinders ſtrewn o'er,
And coffin nor Betty ſaw man any more.

No. LII.

THE BLEEDING NUN.

I am not at liberty to publiſh the name of the author of this Ballad: it is founded on the fourth chapter of the Romance of "Ambroſio, or the Monk."

WHERE yon proud turrets crown the rock,
Seeſt thou a warrior ſtand?
He ſighs to hear the caſtle clock
Say midnight is at hand.

It ſtrikes, and now his lady fair
Comes tripping from her hall,
Her heart is rent by deep deſpair,
And tears in torrents fall.

—"Ah! woe is me, my love," ſhe cried,
"What anguiſh wrings my heart:
"Ah! woe is me," ſhe ſaid, and ſigh'd,
"We muſt for ever part.

"Know,

" Know, ere three days are paſt and flown,
" (Tears choak the piteous tale!)
" A parents vow, till now unknown,
" Devotes me to the veil."—

—" Not ſo, my Agnes!" Raymond cried,
" For leave thee will I never;
" Thou art mine, and I am thine,
" Body and ſoul for ever!

" Then quit thy cruel father's bower,
" And fly, my love, with me."—
—" Ah! how can I eſcape his power,
" Or who can ſet me free.

" I cannot leap yon wall ſo high,
" Nor ſwim the foſſe with thee;
" I can but wring my hands, and ſigh
" That none can ſet me free."—

—" Now liſt, my lady, liſt, my love,
" I pray thee liſt to me,
" For I can all your fears remove,
" And I can ſet you free.

" Oft have you heard old Ellinore,
" Your nurſe, with horror tell,
" How, robed in white, and ſtain'd with gore,
" Appears a ſpectre fell.

" And

" And each fifth year, at dead of night,
" Stalks through the caſtle gate,
" Which, by an ancient ſolemn rite,
" For her muſt open wait.

" Soon as to ſome far diſtant land,
" Retires to-morrow's ſun,
" With torch and dagger in her hand,
" Appears the Bleeding Nun.

" Now you ſhall play the bleeding Nun,
" Array'd in robes ſo white,
" And at the ſolemn hour of one,
" Stalk forth to meet your knight.

" Our ſteeds ſhall bear us far away,
" Beyond your father's power,
" And Agnes, long ere break of day,
" Shall reſt in Raymond's bower."—

—" My heart conſents, it muſt be done,
—" Father, 'tis your decree,—
" And I will play the Bleeding Nun,
" And fly, my love, with thee.

" For I am thine," fair Agnes cried,
" And leave thee will I never;
" I am thine, and thou art mine,
" Body and ſoul for ever!"

Fair Agnes ſat within her bower,
  Array'd in robes ſo white,
And waited the long wiſh'd-for hour,
  When ſhe ſhould meet her knight.

And Raymond, as the clock ſtruck one,
  Before the caſtle ſtood;
And ſoon came forth his lovely Nun,
  Her white robes ſtain'd in blood.

He bore her in his arms away,
  And placed her on her ſteed;
And to the maid he thus did ſay,
  As on they rode with ſpeed:

—"Oh Agnes! Agnes! thou art mine,
  "And leave thee will I never;
"Thou art mine, and I am thine,
  "Body and ſoul for ever!"—

—"Oh Raymond! Raymond! I am thine,
  "And leave thee will I never;
"I am thine, and thou art mine,
  "Body and ſoul for ever!"—

At length,—"We're ſafe!"—the warrior cried,
  "Sweet love abate thy ſpeed;"—
But madly ſtill ſhe onwards hied
  Nor ſeem'd his call to heed.

Through

Through wood and wild, they ſpeed their way,
Then ſweep along the plain,
And almoſt at the break of day,
The Danube's banks they gain.

—" Now ſtop ye, Raymond, ſtop ye here,
" And view the farther ſide;
" Diſmount, and ſay Sir Knight, do'ſt fear,
" With me to ſtem the tide."—

Now on the utmoſt brink they ſtand,
And gaze upon the flood,
She ſeized Don Raymond by the hand,
Her graſp it froze his blood.

A whirling blaſt from off the ſtream
Threw back the maiden's veil;
Don Raymond gave a hideous ſcream,
And felt his ſpirits fail.

Then down his limbs, in ſtrange affright,
Cold dews to pour begun;
No Agnes met his ſhudd'ring ſight,
—" God! 'Tis the Bleeding Nun!"—

A form of more than mortal ſize,
All ghaſtly, pale, and dead,
Fix'd on the Knight her livid eyes,
And thus the Spectre ſaid:

—" Oh

—" Oh Raymond! Raymond! I am thine,
" And leave thee will I never;
" I am thine, and thou art mine,
" Body and ſoul for ever!"—

Don Raymond ſhrieks, he faints; the blood
Ran cold in every vein,
He ſank into the roaring flood,
And never roſe again!

No. LIII.

THE MAID OF THE MOOR,

OR

THE WATER FIENDS.

G. COLMAN, JUN.

This Tale, which is unavoidably misplaced, should have formed No. XXXVI.

On a wild moor, all brown and bleak,
Where broods the heath frequenting growſe,
There ſtood a tenement antique,
Lord Hoppergollop's country houſe.

Here ſilence reign'd with lips of glue,
And undiſturb'd maintain'd her law;
Save when the owl cried—"whoo! whoo! whoo!"—
Or the hoarſe crow croak'd—"caw! caw! caw!"—

Neglected

Neglected manſion! for 'tis ſaid,
Whene'er the ſnow came feathering down,
Four barbed ſteeds, from the Bull's-head,
Carried thy maſter up to town.

Weak Hoppergollop! Lords may moan,
Who ſtake in London their eſtate,
On two ſmall rattling bits of bone,
On little figure, or on great.

Swift whirl the wheels,—he's gone;—a Roſe
Remains behind, whoſe virgin look,
Unſeen, muſt bluſh in wint'ry ſnows;
Sweet beauteous bloſſom! 'twas the Cook!

A bolder, far, than my weak note,
Maid of the Moor! thy charms demand:
Eels might be proud to loſe their coat,
If ſkinn'd by Molly Dumpling's hand.

Long had the fair one ſat alone,
Had none remain'd, ſave only ſhe;
She by herſelf had been, if one
Had not been left for company.

'Twas a tall youth, whoſe cheek's clear hue
Was tinged with health and manly toil;
Cabbage he ſow'd, and when it grew,
He always cut it off to boil.

Oft would he cry,—"Delve, delve the hole!
"And prune the tree, and trim the root!
"And ſtick the wig upon the pole,
"To ſcare the ſparrows from the fruit!"—

A ſmall mute favourite by day
Follow'd his ſteps; where'er he wheels
His barrow round the garden gay,
A bob-tail cur is at his heels.

Ah man! the brute creation ſee,
Thy conſtancy oft need to ſpur!
While leſſons of fidelity,
Are found in every bob-tail cur.

Hard toil'd the youth, ſo freſh and ſtrong,
While Bob-tail in his face would look,
And mark'd his maſter troll the ſong,
—"Sweet Molly Dumpling! O, thou Cook!"—

For thus he ſung: while Cupid ſmiled,
Pleaſed that the Gard'ner own'd his dart;
Which pruned his paſſions, running wild,
And grafted true-love on his heart.

Maid of the Moor, his love return!
True love ne'er tints the cheek with ſhame;
When gard'ners' hearts, like hot-beds burn,
A cook may ſurely feed the flame.

Ah!

Ah! not averſe from love was ſhe;
Though pure as heaven's ſnowy flake;
Both loved; and though a Gard'ner he,
He knew not what it was to rake.

Cold blows the blaſt, the night's obſcure:
The manſion's crazy wainſcots crack,
The ſun had ſunk, and all the moor,
Like ev'ry other moor, was black.

Alone, pale, trembling, near the fire,
The lovely Molly Dumpling ſat;
Much did ſhe fear, and much admire,
What Thomas gard'ner could be at.

Liſtening, her hand ſupports her chin,
But ah! no foot is heard to ſtir;
He comes not from the garden in,
Nor he, nor little bob-tail cur.

They cannot come, ſweet Maid, to thee;
Fleſh, both of cur and man, is graſs:
And what's impoſſible can't be,
And never, never, comes to paſs!

She paces through the hall antique,
To call her Thomas, from his toil;
Opes the huge door: the hinges creak,
Becauſe the hinges wanted oil.

Thrice

Thrice on the threſhold of the hall,
She—"Thomas"—cried with many a ſob;
And thrice on Bob-tail did ſhe call,
Exclaiming ſweetly—"Bob! Bob! Bob!"—

Vain Maid! a gard'ner's corpſe, 'tis ſaid,
In anſwers can but ill ſucceed;
And dogs that hear, when they are dead,
Are very cunning dogs indeed!

Back through the hall ſhe bent her way,
All, all was ſolitude around;
The candle ſhed a feeble ray,
Though a large mould of four to the pound.

Full cloſely to the fire ſhe drew,
Adown her cheek a ſalt tear ſtole;
When, lo! a coffin out there flew,
And in her apron burnt a hole.

Spiders their buſy death-watch tick'd;
A certain ſign that fate will frown;
The clumſy kitchen clock, too, chick'd,
A certain ſign it was not down.

More ſtrong, and ſtrong, her terrors roſe,
Her ſhadow did the maid appall;
She trembled at her lovely noſe,
It look'd ſo long againſt the wall.

Up to her chamber damp and cold,
She climb'd Lord Hoppergollop's ſtair,
Three ſtories high, long, dull, and old,
As great Lords' ſtories often are.

All nature now appear'd to pauſe;
And—"o'er the one half world ſeem'd dead;"—
No—"curtain'd ſleep,"—had ſhe; becauſe
She had no curtains to her bed.

Liſtening ſhe lay; with iron din,
The clock ſtruck twelve, the door flew wide,
When Thomas grimly glided in,
With little Bob-tail by his ſide.

Tall like the poplar was his ſize,
Green, green his waiſtcoat was, as leeks;
Red, red as beet-root, were his eyes,
And pale as turnips were his cheeks!

Soon as the ſpectre ſhe eſpied,
The fear-ſtruck damſel faintly ſaid,
—"What would my Thomas?"—he replied,
—"Oh! Molly Dumpling, I am dead!

"All in the flower of youth I fell,
"Cut off with healthful bloſſom crown'd;
"I was not ill, but in a well,
"I tumbled backwards, and was drown'd.

"Four

" Four fathom deep thy love doth lie,
" His faithful dog his fate doth ſhare;
" We're fiends; this is not he and I,
" We are not here, for we are there.

" Yes! two foul water-fiends are we;
" Maid of the Moor, attend us now!
" Thy hour's at hand, we come for thee!"—
The little fiend-cur ſaid,—" bow! wow!"—

" To wind her in her cold, cold grave,
" A Holland ſheet a maiden likes,
" A ſheet of water, thou ſhalt have;
" Such ſheets there are in Holland dykes."—

The fiends approach; the Maid did ſhrink,
Swift through the night's foul air they ſpin,
They took her to the green well's brink,
And, with a ſouſe, they plump'd her in.

So true the fair, ſo true the youth,
Maids, to this day, their ſtory tell,
And hence the proverb roſe, that truth
Lies in the bottom of a well.

No. LIV.

THE LAIDLEY * WORM

OF

SPINDLESTONE HEUGHS.

I have ſeen another verſion of this ſtory, with ſome variations, under the title of Kempion; *the one, which I here inſert, in my opinion, is by far the beſt of the two. It is taken from the 3d volume of* "Evans's old Ballads."

THE King is gone from Bamborough caſtle:
Long may the Princeſs mourn,
Long may ſhe ſtand on the caſtle wall,
Looking for his return.

She has knotted the keys upon a ſtring,
And with her ſhe has them ta'en;
She has caſt them o'er her left ſhoulder,
And to the gate ſhe is gane.

She

* This is a northern corruption for loathly, i. e. loathſome; *worm* means *ſerpent*.

She tripped out, ſhe tripped in,
  She tript into the yard;
But it was more for the King's ſake,
  Than for the Queen's regard.

It fell out on a day, the King
  Brought the Queen with him home;
And all the lords in our country
  To welcome them did come.

—"Oh! welcome father," the lady cries,
  "Unto your halls and bowers;
"And ſo are you, my ſtep-mother,
  "For all that is here is yours."—

A lord ſaid, wond'ring while ſhe ſpake,
  —"This princeſs of the north,
"Surpaſſes all of female kind,
  "In beauty and in worth."—

The envious Queen replied,—"at leaſt
  "You might have excepted me;
"In a few hours I will her bring
  "Down to a low degree.

"I will liken her to a laidley worm,
  "That warps about the ſtone,
"And not, till Childy Wind * comes back,
  "Shall ſhe again be won."—

The

* There is now a ſtreet called the Wynd, at Bamborough.

The Princeſs ſtood at her bower door,
Laughing: who could her blame?
But e'er the next day's ſun went down,
A long worm ſhe became.

For ſeven miles eaſt, and ſeven miles weſt,
And ſeven miles north and ſouth,
No blade of graſs or corn could grow,
So venomous was her mouth.

The milk of ſeven ſtately cows,
(It was coſtly her to keep,)
Was brought her daily, which ſhe drank
Before ſhe went to ſleep.

At this day may be ſeen the cave,
Which held her folded up,
And the ſtone trough, the very ſame,
Out of which ſhe did ſup.

Word went eaſt, and word went weſt,
And word is gone over the ſea,
That a laidley worm in Spindleſton Heughs
Would ruin the north country.

Word went eaſt, and word went weſt,
And over the ſea did go;
The Child of Wynd got wit of it,
Which filled his heart with woe.

He called ſtraight his merry men all,
They thirty were and three;
—" I wiſh I were at Spindleſton,
" This deſperate worm to ſee.

" We have no time now here to waſte,
" Hence quickly let us ſail;
" My only ſiſter Margaret
" Something I fear doth ail."—

They built a ſhip without delay,
With maſts of the rown tree,*
With fluttering ſails of ſilk ſo fine,
And ſet her on the ſea.

They went aboard: the wind with ſpeed
Blew them along the deep;
At length they ſpied an huge ſquare tower
On a rock high and ſteep.

The ſea was ſmooth, the weather clear;
When they approached nigher,
King Ida's caſtle they well knew,
And the banks of Bamboroughſhire.

The Queen look'd out at bower window,
To ſee what ſhe could ſee;
There ſhe eſpied a gallant ſhip
Sailing upon the ſea.

When

* Mountain aſh.

When ſhe beheld the ſilken ſails
  Full glancing in the ſun,
To ſink the ſhip ſhe ſent away
  Her witch-wives every one.

Their ſpells were vain. The hags return'd
  To the Queen in ſorrowful mood,
Crying, that witches have no power
  Where there is rown-tree wood.

Her laſt effort—ſhe ſent a boat,
  Which in the haven lay,
With armed men to board the ſhip;
  But they were driven away.

The worm leapt up, the worm leapt down,
  She plaited round the ſtone;
And as the ſhip came to the land,
  She bang'd it off again.

The Child then ran out of her reach,
  The ſhip on Budle ſand,
And, jumping into the ſhallow ſea,
  Securely got to land.

And now he drew his bonny brown ſword,
  And laid it on her head,
And ſwore if ſhe did haſten to him,
  That he would ſtrike her dead.

—"O!

—" O! quit thy ſword, and bend thy bow,
" And give me kiſſes three;
" For though I am a pois'nous worm,
" No hurt will I do to thee.

" Oh! quit thy ſword and bend thy bow,
" And give me kiſſes three;
" If I am not won e'er the ſun go down,
" Won I ſhall never be."—

He quitted his ſword, he bent his bow,
He gave her kiſſes three;
She crept into a hole a worm,
But ſtept out a lady.

No cloathing had this lady fine
To keep her from the cold;
He took his mantle from him about,
And round her did it fold.

He has his mantle from him about
And it he wrapt her in;
And they are up to Bamborough caſtle
As faſt as they can win.

His abſence and her ſerpent ſhape
The King had long deplor'd,
He now rejoic'd to ſee them both
Again to him reſtor'd.

The Queen they wanted, whom they found,
All pale and ſore afraid;
Becauſe ſhe knew her power muſt yield
To Childy Wynd's; who ſaid,

—"Woe be to thee, thou wicked witch,
"An ill death may'ſt thou dee;
"As thou my ſiſter haſt likened,
"So likened ſhalt thou be.

"I will turn thee into a toad,
"That on the ground doth wend;
"And won and won ſhalt thou never be,
"Till this world hath an end."—

Now on the ſands near Ida's tower,
She crawls a loathſome toad;
And venom ſpits on every maid
She meets upon the road.

The virgins all of Bamborough town
Will ſwear that they have ſeen
This ſpiteful toad of monſtrous ſize,
Whilſt walking they have been.

All folks believe, within the ſhire,
This ſtory to be true;
And they all run to Spindleſton,
The cave and trough to view.

This fact now Duncan Frafier
Of Cheviot ſings in rhime;
Leſt Bamboroughſhire men ſhould forget
Some part of it in time.

No. LV.

MARY'S DREAM.

THE moon had climb'd the higheſt hill,
Which riſes o'er the ſource of Dee,
And from the eaſtern ſummit ſhed
Her ſilver light on tower and tree:
When Mary laid her down to ſleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy, far at ſea,
When ſoft and low a voice was heard
Say,—"Mary weep no more for me."—

She from her pillow gently raiſed
Her head, to aſk, who there might be;
She ſaw young Sandy ſhiv'ring ſtand,
With viſage pale and hollow eye;
—"O! Mary dear, cold is my clay,
"It lies beneath a ſtormy ſea;
"Far, far from thee, I ſleep in death,
"So, Mary, weep no more for me.

"Three

" Three ſtormy nights, and ſtormy days,
" We toſs'd upon the raging main ;
" And long we ſtrove our bark to ſave,
" But all our ſtriving was in vain :
" E'en then when horror chill'd my blood,
" My heart was fill'd with love for thee ;
" The ſtorm is paſt, and I at reſt,
" So, Mary, weep no more for me.

" O Maiden dear, thyſelf prepare,
" We ſoon ſhall meet upon that ſhore,
" Where love is free from doubt and care,
" And thou and I ſhall part no more."
Loud crow'd the cock, the ſhadow fled,
No more of Sandy could ſhe ſee,
But ſoft the paſſing ſpirit ſaid,
—" Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."—

No. LVI.

CLERK COLVIN.

CLERK Colvin and his Lady gay,
They walk'd in yonder garden ſheen:
The girdle round her middle jimp [1]
Had coſt Clerk Colvin crowns fifteen.

—"Oh hearken well, my wedded Lord,
"Oh hearken well to what I ſay;
"When ye gae [2] by the wells of Stane,
"Beware, ye touch nae well-faced may." [3]—

—"Oh! haud [4] your tongue, my Lady gay,
"And haud my Lady gay, your din:
"Did I never yet ſee a fair woman,
"But wi' her body I wad ſin?"—

Then

[1] *Jimp*, ſtays. [2] *Gae*, go. [3] *May*, maiden. [4] *Haud*, hold.

Then he's rode on frae his lady fair,
Nought reeking what that lady ſaid,
And he's rode by the wells of Stane,
Where waſhing was a bonnie maid.

" Waſh on! Waſh on! my bonnie may!
" Sae clean ye wash your ſark [1] of ſilk."—
" And weel fa you, [2] fair gentle knight,
" Whoſe ſkin is whiter far than milk!"—

He has ta'en her by the lilly hand,
He has ta'en her by the graſs-green ſleeve,
And thrice has pried her bonnie mou,[3]
Nor of his lady ſpeered he leave.[4]

Soon as his mouth her lip had preſs'd,
His heart was filled with doubt and dread;
—" Ohan! and alas!" Clerk Colvin ſays,
" Ohan, and alas! What pains my head?"—

—" Sir Knight, now take your little penknife,
" And frae my ſark ye's cut a gare; [5]
" Row [6] that around your face ſo pale,
" And o' the pain ye'll feel na mair." [7]

Syne

[1] *Sark*, ſhift.
[2] *Weel fa you*, good luck to you.
[3] *Pried her mou*, kiſs'd her mouth.
[4] *Speered he leave*, aſked her leave.
[5] *Gare*, a piece.
[6] *Row*, wrap.
[7] *Na mair*, no more.

Syne [1] out has he ta'en his little penknife,
And frae her ſark he cut a gare,
He row'd in around his face ſo pale,
But the pain increaſed ſtill mair and mair.

Then out, and ſpake the knight again,
—" Alas! more fairly throbs my head!"—
And merrily did the mermaid laugh,
—" 'Twill ever be wae, [2] till ye be dead!"

He has drawn out his truſty blade,
All for to kill her where ſhe ſtood,
But ſhe was changed to a monſtrous fiſh,
And quickly ſprang into the flood.

He has mounted on his berry-brown ſteed,
And dowie, [3] dowie, on he rides,
Till he has reach'd Dunallan's towers,
And there his mother dear reſides.

—" Oh! mother, mother, make my bed,
" And lay me down, my fair la-dye;
" And brother dear, unbend my bow,
" 'Twill never more be bent by me!"—

His

[1] *Syne*, then. [2] *Be wae*, be painful. [3] *Dowie*, ſwiftly.

His mother, ſhe has made his bed,
She has laid him down, his fair la-dye;
His brother has unbent his bow,
And death has cloſed Clerk Colvin's eë![1]

[1] *Eë*, eye.

There is a great reſemblance between this old Scotch Ballad, and the Daniſh tradition of "*the Erl-King's Daughter.*"

No. LVII.

WILLY'S LADY.

Willy's gone over the ſalt ſea foam,
He has married a wife, and brought her home;
He wooed her for her yellow hair,
But his mither wrought her mickle care;
And mickle dolour ſuffers ſhe,
For lighter * ſhe can never be;
But in her bour ſhe ſits wi' pain,
And Willy mourns over her in vain.

Then to his mither he ſpeaks his mind,
That vile rank witch of fouleſt kind;
He ſays—"my ladye has a cup,
"With gold and ſilver all ſet up,
"The handles are of the ivory bones,
"And all ſet round wi' ſparkling ſtones;
"This gudely gift ſhe'll give to thee,
"If of her young bairn ſhe may lighter be."—

—"Of

* *i. e.* Brought to bed.

—" Of her young bairn ſhall ſhe never be lighter,
" Nor in her bour to ſhine the brighter,
" But ſhe ſhall die, and turn to clay,
" And you ſhall wed another may.*"—
—" Another may I'll never wed,
" Another may I'll never bed!"—
Then ſorely did that lady ſigh,
—" I wiſh my hour of death were nigh!

" Yet ſpeak ye again to your mither your mind,
" That foul rank witch of cruel kind,
" And ſay your lady has a ſteed,
" The like of him 's not in the land of Leed:
" Of that horſe's main at every treſs,
" There's a ſilver bell and a golden jeſs,
" This gudely gift I'll give her with glee,
" If of my young bairn I may lighter be."—

—" Of her young bairn ſhall ſhe never be lighter,
" Nor in her bour to ſhine the brighter;
" But ſhe ſhall die and turn to clay,
" And you ſhall wed another may."—
—" Another may I'll never wed,
" Another may I'll never bed!"—
Then evermore ſigh'd that ladye bright,
—" I wiſh my day had reach'd its night."—

With that aroſe the Billy Blynde, †
And in good tyme ſpake he his mind,

 —" Yet

* *May*, maiden. † A familiar ſpirit, or good genius.

—" Yet gae ye to the market-place,
" And there buy ye a loaf of wace, *
" Shape it bairnly-like, to view,
" Stick in't twa glaſſy een of blue,
" Then bid the witch the chriſtening to,
" And notice well what ſhe ſhall do."—

Then Willy has bought a loaf of wace,
And framed it to a bairn-like face,
And ſays to his mither, with ſeeming joy,
—" My lady is lighter of a young boy ;
" And he'll in St. Mary's be chriſten'd to-night,
" And you to the chriſt'ning I come to invite."—
Syne has he ſtopped a little to ſee,
When this ſhe heard, what ſay might ſhe.

—" O who has the nine witch knots unty'd,
" That were among the locks of your bride ;
" Or who has ta'en out the comb of care,
" Which faſten'd that ladye's yellow hair ?
" And who has ta'en down the buſh of woodbine,
" That hung between her bour and mine ?
" And who has kill'd the maſter-kid,
" That ran below that ladye's bed ?
" And who has her left ſhoe-ſtring undone,
" And let that lady be light of her ſon ?"—

Then Willy the nine witch knots unty'd,
That were among the locks of his bride ;

And

* Wax.

And he has ta'en out the comb of care,
Which faſten'd his ladye's yellow hair,
And he has ta'en down the woodbine flowers,
Which the witch had hung between the bowers;
And he has ſlain the maſter-kid,
Which ran below that ladye's bed;
And he has the left ſhoe-ſtring undone,
And letten his ladye be light of her ſon;
But when ſhe heard that his ladye was light,
That foul rank witch, ſhe burſt for ſpite!

No. LVIII.

COURTEOUS KING JAMIE.

COURTEOUS King Jamie is gone to the wood,
The fatteſt buck to find;
He chaſed the deer, and he chaſed the roe,
Till his friends were left behind.

He hunted over moſs and moor,
And over hill and down,
Till he came to a ruined hunting hall
Was ſeven miles from a town.

He entered up the hunting hall,
To make him goodly cheer,
For of all the herds in the good green wood,
He had ſlain the faireſt deer.

He ſat him down, with food and reſt
His courage to reſtore;
When a riſing wind was heard to ſigh,
And an earthquake rock'd the floor.

And darkneſs cover'd the hunting-hall,
Where he ſat all at his meat;
The grey dogs howling left their food,
And crept to Jamie's feet.

And louder howl'd the riſing ſtorm,
And burſt the faſten'd door,
And in there came a griſly Ghoſt,
Loud ſtamping on the floor.

Her head touch'd the roof-tree of the houſe,
Her waiſt a child could ſpan;
I wot, the look of her hollow eye
Would have ſcared the braveſt man.

Her locks were like ſnakes, and her teeth like ſtakes,
And her breath had a brimſtone ſmell:
I nothing know that ſhe ſeem'd to be,
But the Devil juſt come from Hell!

—"Some meat! ſome meat! King Jamie,
"Some meat now give to me;"—
—"And to what meat in this houſe, lady,
"Shall ye not welcome be?"—
—"Oh! ye muſt kill your berry-brown ſteed,
"And ſerve him up to me!"—

King Jamie has kill'd his berry-brown ſteed,
Though it cauſed him mickle care;
The Ghoſt eat him up both fleſh and bone,
And left nothing but hoofs and hair.

—"More

—"More meat! more meat! King Jamie,
"More meat now give to me;"—
—"And to what meat in this houſe lady,
"Shall ye not welcome be?"—
—"Oh! ye muſt kill your good grey-houuds,
"They'll taſte moſt daintily."—

King Jamie has kill'd his good grey-hounds,
Though it made his heart to fail;
The Ghoſt eat them all up one by one,
And left nothing but ears and tail.

—"A bed! a bed! King Jamie,
"Now make a bed for me!"—
—"And to what bed in this houſe, lady,
"Shall ye not welcome be?"—
—"Oh! ye muſt pull the heather ſo green,
"And make a ſoft bed for me."—

King Jamie has pull'd the heather ſo green,
And made for the Ghoſt a bed,
And over the heather, with courteſy rare,
His plaid hath he daintily ſpread.

—"Now ſwear, now ſwear! King Jamie,
"To take me for your bride;"—
—"Now heaven forbid!"—King Jamie ſaid,
"That ever the like betide,
"That the Devil ſo foul, juſt come from Hell,
"Should ſtretch him by my ſide."—

—"Now

—" Now fye! now fye! King Jamie,
" I ſwear by the holy tree,
" I am no devil, or evil thing,
" However foul I be.

" Then yield! then yield! King Jamie,
" And take my bridegroom's place,
" For ſhame ſhall light on the daſtard knight,
" Who refuſes a lady's grace."—

Then quoth King Jamie, with a groan,
For his heart was big with care,
—" It ſhall never be ſaid, that King Jamie
" Denied a lady's prayer "—

So he laid him by the foul thing's ſide,
And piteouſly he moan'd;
She preſs'd his hand, and he ſhudder'd!
She kiſs'd his lips, and he groan'd!

When day was come, and night was gone,
And the ſun ſhone through the hall;
The faireſt lady that ever was ſeen,
Lay between him and the wall.

—" Oh! well is me!" King Jamie cried,
" How long will your beauty ſtay?"—
Then out and ſpake that lady fair,
—" E'en till my dying day.

" For

" For I was witch'd to a ghaſtly ſhape,
" All by my ſtep-dame's ſkill;
" Till I could light on a courteous knight,
" Who would let me have all my will."—

I have altered and added ſo much to this ballad, that I might almoſt claim it for my own.—It bears a great reſemblance to the Tale of " *the Mariage of Sir Gawain*;" but the ſtories are related in a manner ſo totally different, that I did not think the reſemblance ſo ſtrong, as to deſtroy the intereſt of " King Jamie's adventure."

No. LIX.

TAM LIN.

Perhaps ſome information may be collected from the following extract from the Records of Juſticiary in Scotland, reſpecting the popular ſuperſtition on which this ballad is founded. I have made ſome conſiderable alterations in the tale itſelf.—"Aliſon Pearſon, of Byre-hill, confeſt, that "ſhe had haunted, and repaired with the gude neighbours, *"(i. e. Fairies) and the Queen of Elfland, divers years "by paſt, and that ſhe had friends in that court, whilk "were of her own blude. Item, that it was the gude "neighbours that cured her of her diſeaſe, when ſhe was "twelve years old, and that ſhe ſaw them making their "ſalves, with pans and fyres; that they gathered the "herbs before the ſun was up; and that Mr. William "Sympſon was with him, who was her couſin. When "he was about eight years of age, he was taken away to "Egypt, by an Egyptian, who was a giant, and with "him he remained twelve years, and then came home.— "He was a young man, not ſix years older than herſelf; "and it was he who taught her what herbs were fit to "cure every diſeaſe, and particularly taught her to make a*

"*poſſit,*

" *poſſet, which ſhe gave to the Biſhop of St. Andrews,*
" *when ſick; and Mr. William Sympſon told her that he*
" *had been carried away by the* gude neighbours, *and*
" *bade her ſign herſelf, that ſhe might not be taken away*
" *for* the tiend of them who are taken to hell every
" year."

The ſole evidence againſt this poor creature was her own confeſſion, on the ſtrength of which ſhe was burned alive, in 1588.

—" On! I forbid you, maidens all,
" That wear gold in your hair,
" To come or go by Kerton-hall,
" For young Tam Lin is there!

" To the maid who goes by Kerton-hall,
" Some foul trick ſtill is play'd;
" She loſes her ring, or her mantle of green,
" Or returns not thence a maid."—

Janet has belted her kirtle of green,
A little above her knee,
And ſhe's away to Kerton-hall,
As faſt as go can ſhe.

And when ſhe came to Kerton-hall,
Tam Lin was at the well;
There ſhe found his milk-white ſteed,
But he was away himſel.

And near her was a bonny buſh
Of roſes, red and white,
And tempting did thoſe roſes ſeem,
And no one was in ſight.

She pull'd a white, ſhe pull'd a red,
And aſk'd no owner's leave;
When lo! from the buſh ſprang young Tam Lin,
And caught her by the ſleeve.

—"Now Janet, ſay, who gave to thee,
"Yon roſes in thy hand,
"And why comeſt thou to Kerton-hall,
"Againſt my ſtrict command?

"Who ſtole a roſe from young Tam Lin,
"Its price hath ever paid;
"And the maid who came to Kerton-hall,
"Never yet return'd a maid."—

He fix'd on her his witching eye,
He muttered elfin charms;
Her head grew light, her heart beat quick,
And ſhe ſank into his arms.

Janet has kilted her kirtle of green,
A little above her knee,
And ſhe's away to her father's tower,
As faſt as go can ſhe.

Four and twenty ladies fair,
  Were ſeen to play at ball,
And out then came fair Janet once,
  The flower among them all.

Four and twenty ladies fair,
  To play at cheſs were ſeen,
And out fair Janet came, her face
  As any graſs was green.

Out then ſpake an old grey knight,
  As he lay on the caſtle wall,
And ſays—" Alas! fair Janet, for thee,
  " Shall we now be blamed all."—

—" Now hold your tongue, ye old grey knight,
  " An ill death may ye ſee!
" Father my bairn whoever will,
  " I'll father none on thee!"—

Out then, ſpake her father dear,
  And he ſpake ſo meek and mild;
—" And ever, alas! ſweet Janet,"—he ſays,
  —" I think thou art with child!"—

—" If that I be with child, father,
  " Myſelf muſt bear the blame;
" There's never a laird about your hall,
  " Shall bear my leman's name.

" But

"But if my love were an earthly knight,
"As he's an elfin grey,
"For never a laird in the land, would I
"My true-love give away.

"The ſteed my true-love rides upon,
"Is lighter than the wind;
"With ſilver he is ſhod before,
"With burning gold behind."—

Janet has kilted her kirtle of green,
A little above her knee,
And ſhe's away to Kerton-hall,
As faſt as go can ſhe.

And firſt ſhe pull'd a white roſe,
And next ſhe pull'd a red,
And then from the buſh ſprang young Tam Lin,
And thus to her he ſaid.

—"Now Janet, ſay, who gave to thee
"Yon roſes in thy hand?
"And why comeſt thou to Kerton-hall
"Againſt my ſtrict command?"—

—"Oh! tell me, tell me, Tam Lin!" ſhe ſays,
"For his ſake who died on tree,
"If ever in holy chapel ye were,
"Or Chriſtendom did ſee?"—

—"My

—" My grandſire he was Roxburgh's earl,
" And loved me paſſing well;
" Seven years, alas! are nearly gone,
" In hunting ſince I fell.

" The Queen of Fairies long had watch'd,
" To work her wayward will,
" She ſeized, and bore me ſtraight away,
" To dwell in yon green hill.

" And pleaſant is the fairy land,
" But doleful 'tis to tell,
" That once in every ſeven years,
" We pay a tiend * to hell;
" And I'm ſo fair, and full of fleſh,
" I fear, 'twill be myſel!

" But the night is Hallow-een, lady,
" The morn is Hallow-day;
" So win me, win me, if you will,
" For if you will, you may.

" Juſt at the mirk, and midnight hour,
" The fairy-folk will ride,
" And they who would their true-loves know,
" At Miles-croſs muſt abide."—

—" But

* *Tiend*, toll.

—" But how ſhall I thee ken, Tam Lin,
" Or how my true-love know,
" Among ſo many ſtranger knights,
" With that rabble rout who go ?"—

—" Oh ! firſt let paſs the black, lady,
" And then let paſs the brown ;
" But quickly run to the milk-white ſteed,
" And draw its rider down.

" For I ſhall ride on the milk-white ſteed,
" And be neareſt to the town ;
" Becauſe I was an earthly knight,
" They give me that renown.

" My right hand will be gloved, lady,
" My left hand will be bare ;
" Cockt up ſhall be my bonnet blue,
" Comb'd down my yellow hair ;
" And by theſe ſigns I give to thee,
" Thou'lt know, that I am there.

" They'll turn me into a ſnake in your arms,
" But hold me faſt the rather ;
" Graſp me well, and fear me not,
" That ſnake is your child's father.

" They'll turn me into a bear ſo grim,
" And into a tyger wild ;
" But hold me faſt, and fear me not,
" As you do love your child.

" And laſt, they'll turn me, in your arms,
" To a bar of burning ſteel;
" Then throw me into the ſtream with ſpeed,
" And thou no hurt ſhalt feel.

" But there, in place of the burning bar,
" A naked knight thou'lt ſee,
" Then cover me with thy cloak of green,
" And I'll thy true-love be."—

Eerie, eerie, was the way,
The night was dark and dread,
When Janet in her mantle green,
Alone to Miles-croſs ſped.

About the dead of night ſhe heard
The fairy-bridles ring;
The lady was as glad at that,
As any earthly thing.

Firſt ſhe let the black paſs by,
And next ſhe let the brown,
But quickly ran to the milk-white ſteed,
And drew its rider down.

So well did ſhe her taſk perform,
That ſhe her love did win,
And blythe as birds in ſpring, ſhe caſt
Her mantle round Tam Lin.

Out then ſpake the Queen o' Fairies,
Out of a buſh o' broom,
—" She that has gotten young Tam Lin,
" Has gotten a ſtately groom."—

Out then ſpake the Queen o' Fairies,
And an angry queen was ſhe;
—" Shame betide her ill-fared face,
" And an ill death may ſhe ſee;
" For ſhe's ta'en away the bonnieſt knight,
" In all my companye!

" But had I gueſt, Tam Lin," ſhe ſaid,
" What to-night is come to paſs,
" I had ſcratch'd out thy two blue een,
And put in two een of glaſs!"—

No. LX.

LENORA.

GERMAN.

This verſion of Bürger's *well known ballad, was publiſhed in the Monthly Magazine, and I conſider it as a maſter-piece of tranſlation; indeed as far as my opinion goes, the Engliſh ballad is, in point of merit, far ſuperior, both in ſpirit and harmony, to the German, which is written in a ſtanza, producing an effect very unſatisfactory to the ear; that my Readers may judge of this for themſelves, I ſhall here add a ſtanza ſimilar to that in which* Bürger's "Lenora" *is written: I rather imagine, that the effect made by it upon others, is the ſame with that which it produced upon me, ſince among the numerous tranſlators of this ballad, not one has adopted the mætre of the original.*

[Lenora wakes at dawn of day,
Tears down her fair cheeks trickle:
—"Oh! why, my William, doſt thou ſtay,
And art thou dead or fickle?"—
With Fred'rick's hoſt young William went,
But ſince the fight of Prague he ſent
No word to tell his ſpeeding,
And ſoothe her boſom bleeding.]

I cannot

I cannot but think that the above metre will be univerſally diſapproved of, when compared with that adopted in the following ballad.

At break of day, with frightful dreams
Lenora ſtruggled ſore:
—"My William, art thou ſlaine," ſay'd ſhe,
"Or doſt thou love no more?"—

He went abroade with Richard's hoſt,
The Paynim foes to quell;
But he no word to her had writt,
An he were ſick or well.

With ſowne of trump and beat of drum,
His fellow ſoldyers come;
Their helmes bydeckt with oaken boughs,
They ſeeke their long'd-for home.

And ev'ry roade, and ev'ry lane,
Was full of old and young,
To gaze at the rejoicing band,
To hail with gladſome toung.

—"Thank God!" their wives and children ſaide;
"Welcome!"—the brides did ſay:
But greete or kiſs Lenora gave
To none upon that daye.

She aſkte of all the paſſing traine,
For him ſhe wiſht to ſee:
But none of all the paſſing traine
Could tell if lived he.

And when the ſoldyers all were bye,
She tore her raven haire,
And caſt herſelf upon the growne
In furious deſpaire.

Her mother ran and lyfte her up,
And claſped in her arme,
—"My child, my child, what doſt thou ail?
"God ſhield thy life from harm!"—

—"O mother, mother! William's gone!
"What's all beſyde to me?
"There is no mercye, ſure, above!
"All, all were ſpared but hee!"—

—"Kneel downe, thy paternoſter ſaye,
"'Twill calm thy troubled ſpright:
"The Lord is wyſe, the Lord is good;
"What hee hath done is right."—

—"O mother, mother! ſay not ſo;
"Moſt cruel is my fate:
"I prayde, and prayde, but watte avayl'd?
"'Tis now, alas! too late!"—

—"Our

—" Our Heavenly Father, if we praye,
" Will help a ſuff'ring childe:
" Go take the holy ſacrament,
" So ſhal thy grief grow milde."—

—" O mother, what I feel within,
" No ſacrament can ſtaye,
" No ſacrament can teche the dead
" To bear the ſight of daye."—

—" May be, among the heathen folk
" Thy William falſe doth prove,
" And puts away his faith and troth,
" And takes another love."

" Then wherefore ſorrow for his loſs?
" Thy moans are all in vain;
" And when his ſoul and body parte,
" His falſehode brings him paine."—

—" O mother! mother! gone is gone,
" My hope is all forlorn;
" The grave mie only ſafeguarde is,
" O, had I neer been borne!

" Go out, go out, my lampe of life,
" In griſlie darkneſs die:
" There is no mercye, ſure, above!
" For ever let me lie."—

—" Almighty

—" Almighty God! O do not judge
" My poor unhappy childe;
" She knows not what her lips pronounce,
" Her anguiſh makes her wilde.

" My girl, forget thine earthly woe,
" And think on God and bliſs;
" For ſo, at leaſt, ſhall not thy ſoule
" Its heavenly bridegroom miſs."—

" O mother, mother! what is bliſſe,
" And what the infernal celle?
" With him 'tis heaven any where,
" Without my William, helle.

" Go out, go out, my lamp of life,
" In endleſs darkneſs die:
" Without him I muſt loathe the earth,
" Without him ſcorn the ſkye."—

And ſo deſpaire did rave and rage
Athwarte her boiling veins;
Againſt the providence of God
She hurlde her impious ſtrains.

She bet her breaſte, and wrung her hands,
And rollde her tearleſſe eye,
From riſe of morne, till the pale ſtars
Again did freeke the ſkye.

When harke! abroade ſhe hearde the trampe
Of nimble-hoofed ſteed;
She hearde a knighte with clank alighte,
And climb the ſtaire in ſpeede.

And ſoon ſhe herde a tinkling hande,
That twirled at the pin;
And through her door, that open'd not,
Theſe words were breathed in:

—"What! what ho! thy dore undoe;
"Art watching or aſleepe?
"My love, doſt yet remember mee,
"And doſt thou laugh, or weep?"—

—"Ah! William here ſo late at night!
"Oh! I have watchte and waked,
"Whence doſt thou come? for thy return
"My herte has ſorely aked."—

—"At midnight only we may ride;
"I come o'er land and ſea;
"I mounted late, but ſoone I go,
"Aryſe, and come with me."—

—"O William, enter firſt my bowre,
"And give me one embrace:
"The blaſts athwarte the hawthorne hiſs,
"Awayte a little ſpace."—

—"Though

—" Though blaſts athwarte the hawthorne hiſs,
" I may not harboure here;
" My ſpurre is ſharpe, my courſer pawes,
" My houre of flighte is nere.

" All as thou lyeſt upon thy couch,
" Aryſe, and mount behinde;
" To-night we'le ride a thouſand miles,
" The bridal bed to finde."—

—" How, ride to-night a thouſand miles?
" Thy love thou doſt bemocke,
" Eleven is the ſtroke that ſtill
" Rings on within the clocke."—

—" Looke up, the moone is bright, and we
" Outſtride the earthlie men:
" I'll take thee to the bridal bed,
" And night ſhall end but then."—

—" And where is, then, thy houſe and home,
" And where thy bridal bed?"—
" 'Tis narrow, ſilent, chilly, dark;
" Far hence I reſt my head."—

—" And is there any room for mee,
" Wherein that I may creepe?"—
—" There's room enough for thee and mee,
" Wherein that we may ſleepe.

" All

"All as thou lyeſt upon thy couch,
"Aryſe, no longer ſtop;
"The wedding gueſts thy coming waite,
"The chamber door is ope."—

All in her ſarke, as there ſhe lay,
Upon his horſe ſhe ſprung,
And with her lilly hands ſo pale
About her William clung.

And hurry-ſkyrry forth they goe,
Unheeding wet or drye;
And horſe and rider ſnort and blow,
And ſparkling pebbles flye.

How ſwift the flood, the mead, the wood,
Aright, aleft, are gone;
The bridges thunder as they paſs,
But earthlie ſowne is none.

Tramp, tramp, acroſs the land they ſpeed,
Splaſh, ſplaſh, acroſs the fee:
—"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
"Doſt feare to ride with mee?

"The moone is bryghte, and blue the nyghte,
"Doſt quake the blaſt to ſtem?
"Doſt ſhudder, mayde, to ſeeke the dead?"—
—"No, no, but what of them?

"How

"How glumlie ſownes yon dirgye ſong,
"Night-ravens flappe the wing;
"What knell doth ſlowlie toll ding dong?
"The pſalmes of death who ſing?

"It creeps, the ſwarthie funeral traine,
"The corſe is on the beere;
"Like croke of todes from lonely moores,
"The chaunt doth meet the eere."—

—"Go, bear her corſe when midnight's paſt,
"With ſong, and tear, and wayle;
"I've gott my wife, I take her home,
"My howre of wedlocke hayl.

"Lead forth, O clarke, the chaunting quire,
"To ſwell our nuptial ſong;
"Come, preaſte, and read the bleſſing ſoone,
"For bed, for bed we long."—

They heede his calle, and huſht the ſowne,
The biere was ſeen no more;
And followde him ore feeld and flood
Yet faſter than before.

Halloo! halloo! away they goe,
Unheeding wet or drye;
And horſe and rider ſnort and blowe,
And ſparkling pebbles flye.

How

How ſwifte the hill, how ſwifte the dale,
Aright, aleft, are gone;
By hedge and tree, by thorpe and towne,
They gallop, gallop on.

Tramp, tramp, acroſs the land they ſpeede,
Splaſh, ſplaſh, acroſſe the fee;
—"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
"Doſt fear to ride with me?

"Look up, look up, an airy crewe,
"In roundel daunces reele;
"The moone is bryghte, and blue the nyghte,
"May'ſt dimlie ſee them wheele.

"Come to, come to, ye goſtlie crew,
"Come to, and follow me,
"And daunce for us the wedding daunce,
"When we in bed ſhall be."—

And bruſh, bruſh, bruſh, the goſtlie crew
Come wheeling ore their heads,
All ruſtling like the wither'd leaves
That wyde the whirlwind ſpreads.

Halloo! halloo! away they goe,
Unheeding wet or drye,
And horſe and rider ſnort and blowe:
And ſparkling pebbles flye.

And all that in the moonſhyne lay,
  Behynde them fled afar;
And backward ſcudded overhead,
  The ſkye and every ſtar.

Tramp, tramp, acroſs the land they ſpoede,
  Splaſh, ſplaſh, acroſs the ſee;
—"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
  "Doſt fear to ride with me?

"I weene the cock prepares to crowe,
  "The ſand will ſoone be runne;
"I ſnuff the earlye morning aire,
  "Downe, downe! our work is done.

"The dead, the dead can ryde apace,
  "Oure wed bed here is fit;
"Our race is ridde, oure journey ore,
  "Our endleſs union knit."—

And lo! an yren-grated grate
  Soon biggens to their viewe;
He crackte his whype, the clangynge boltes,
  The doores aſunder flewe.

They paſs, and 'twas on graves they trode,
  —"'Tis hither we are bounde;"—
And many a tombſtone goſtlie white,
  Lay inn the moonſhyne round.

And

And when he from his ſteede alytte,
His armour, green with ruſt,
Which damps of charnel vaults had bred,
Straight fell away to duſt.

His head became a naked ſkull,
Nor haire nor eyne had hee;
His body grew a ſkeleton,
Whilome ſo blythe of blee.

And att his dry and boney heele
No ſpur was left to be;
And inn his witherde hand you might
The ſcythe and hour-glaſſe ſee.

And lo! his ſteede did thin to ſmoke,
And charnel fires outbreathe;
And paled, and bleach'd, then vaniſh'd quite,
The mayde from underneathe.

And hollow howlings hung in aire,
And ſhrekes from vaults aroſe;
Then knew the mayde ſhe might no more
Her living eyes uncloſe.

But onwarde to the judgment ſeat,
Through myſte and moonlight dreare:
The goſtlie crewe, their flyghte perſewe,
And hollowe inn her eare.

—"Be

—"Be patiènt, though thyne herte ſhould breke,
"Arrayne not heavn's decree;
"Thou nowe art of thie bodie refte,
"Thie ſoule forgiven be!"—

FINIS.